

The number of answers received was so great that it has been impossible as yet to go through them all. We hope to be able to announce the result in the course of a day or two.



## FISCAL DEBATE.

## Tense Excitement In the Commons.

## A MOMENT OF PERIL.

The great debate on the fiscal question began when the House of Commons reassembled at nine o'clock. Mr. Pirie moved: "That this House, noting the continued agitation in favour of preferential and protective tariffs, which is encouraged by the language used by certain of his Majesty's Ministers, deems it necessary to express its condemnation of any such policy." He said his object was two fold. In the first place he wished to tranquillise the public mind, which had been disorganised and disturbed by an agitation which had been going on for many months, and, secondly, he wished to extract from the Chancellor of the Exchequer a personal explanation as to his action during the winter.

The conclusion he drew from the speeches of the Prime Minister was, in the first place, that the Government were pledged not to introduce protection or Colonial preference even after an appeal to the people. (Ministerial cries of No, no.) Secondly, that the Government was absolutely hostile to the policy known as the Birmingham policy. He contended that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had advocated protection, and the time had come when the latter must make up his mind and choose between fiscal duty and Imperial duty. (Ministerial laughter.)

Mr. Austin Taylor seconded the motion.

## A Danger Averted.

A great roar of cheering from the Government benches cut short his opening sentence. The Premier appeared from behind the Speaker's chair and took his seat between Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the Irish Secretary. The right hon. gentleman exchanged smiles with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who handed him his notes of the speaker's speech. The House was now crowded to excess, and party feeling had reached its highest pitch.

Mr. Wharton was to have moved an amendment to the effect "that this House approves the explicit declarations of his Majesty's Ministers that their policy of fiscal reform does not include either a general system of protection or preference based on the taxation of food."

There was, however, so much opposition on the part of the followers of Mr. Chamberlain, that, says the Press Association, Mr. Wharton decided not to move the amendment in any form.

It was stated in the lobby that had Mr. Wharton not withdrawn his amendment the majority of the protectionist members would have walked out of the House without voting, in which case, had the free-trade Unionists voted with the Opposition, a defeat of the Government would probably have resulted.

Mr. McKenna, referring to the withdrawal of Mr. Wharton's amendment, asked whether the Prime Minister was going to adopt in the House the same policy that he adopted in the Cabinet.

"If one amendment didn't serve he had another in his pocket." (Ministerial cries of "Withdraw.")

## "C.B." AND THE BOERS.

## Prime Minister Rebukes the Liberal Leader.

In the afternoon the Army Estimates engaged the attention of the House of Commons, the first vote fixing the number of men of all ranks to serve in the United Kingdom, at home, and abroad at 227,000 men.

C.B. sprang to the table. "I demand to know what advantage has been gained by the hasty publication of the report of Lord Escher's Committee before it was complete, and when the Government had not made up their minds upon it."

The Government, the Liberal leader went on, had published the report of this committee because they desired to remove from the public mind the sensation that had been created by the report of the War Commission.

C.B. came to the South African garrison, and made an important declaration of future Radical policy. "The garrison cannot be maintained at the expense of the British taxpayer; it must be reduced or withdrawn."

Mr. Balfour was grave and indignant. The House had now had some opportunity of estimating the Leader of the Opposition in the double capacity of Imperial statesman and War Office Reformer, and in neither capacity had he raised himself in the Prime Minister's estimation.

C.B. folded his arms. Mr. Balfour metaphorically shook his opponent. "I very greatly regret some observations which have fallen from the right hon. gentleman in connection with the South African garrison, for those observations will lead the Boer party to believe that as soon as the Liberal Party are in power the vigour of our South African administration will be diminished."

The War Report was published piecemeal, continued the Premier, because it was desirable that they should at once set to work to constitute the Army Council, which was the preliminary to all reforms of the Army system. He should be very sorry if this Session passed without the Government being able to make a much fuller statement of their general view upon the Army problem than would be either possible or probable at the present moment.

In grave tones the Premier contemplated the military future. "I do not believe that an organised invasion of this country by a force capable of reducing it to submission is possible, but no man can blind himself to the fact that the whole trend of circumstances in the East is to make us a Continental Power, co-terminous with another great military Power. That is a fact which we have to take into account in framing our Army scheme, and no Government will, I believe, be permitted to ignore the necessity, or, in the interest of economy or a reduction of taxation, however desirable, to lower our Army strength below a certain point."

## FURTHER SHELLING.

## JAPANESE BOMBARD DALNY AND PORT ARTHUR.

For several days there has been a wearisome monotony in the daily report from Port Arthur to the effect that all was quiet and the weather was fine.

Yesterday, however, a hurricane visited the place, and now it is reported that in addition to the hurricane they have had a bombardment.

The news is contained in the following bald telegram:—

"Tokio, Wednesday.—Japanese warships bombarded the forts at Taliennan last night, and then attacked Port Arthur."

Taliennan, whence Reuter says Tuesday's bombardment commenced, is situated on the east side of the Liao-tung peninsula.

## PREPARING FOR A SIEGE.

Two five-inch siege guns and two six-pounder howitzers were detained by the Russians at Newchwang yesterday, and from the fact that the neutral Powers are withdrawing their ships from the port it is believed that the Russians are preparing for a siege.

Japanese claim that a Russian destroyer was blown up by a mine at Port Arthur on February 24, that eight of the thirteen Russian warships inside the harbour were disabled, and that one of the four batteries was destroyed by Japanese shells.

## RUSSIA'S MISSING SQUADRON.

## Rumours of a Battle in Which It Suffered Defeat.

Mystery still surrounds the Russian Vladivostok squadron, though yesterday it was seriously reported from Tokio that it had encountered a Japanese squadron near Vladivostok, and that a decisive engagement had resulted.

The date of this battle is not given, but a telegram dispatched from Tokio on Monday indicated that it took place on the previous day—Sunday. No doubt was evinced on the point that the Russian squadron was at sea on Sunday, when the Japanese warships bombarded Vladivostok, and it is therefore probable that after the Japanese withdrew from their apparently ineffective shelling of the port, their ships actually fell in with the missing Russian squadron, and immediately called upon the latter to fight.

In Tokio it is apparently believed that the Russian ships were either captured or sunk, but no details have been allowed to transpire.

Although people have possibly been under the impression that because nothing had been heard of the doings of the Japanese warships since Sunday, it is a fact that they have been constantly on the move, there is every reason to believe that they have, in their scouring of the northern waters, discovered the whereabouts of the enemy.

## COSSACKS CAPTURE CONVOY.

According to a report from General Plügg a band of Cossacks surrounded a large Japanese convoy south of the Yalu, but the troops in charge of it managed to escape. They were conveying a large quantity of provisions, cattle, and horses to Ping-yang.

## MISSING BANK MANAGER'S DEATH.

After assisting his wife to dress for a private dance to which she was going on the night of January 4 Mr. Kerry Thurrott, manager of the St. Mary Axe branch of the Joint Stock Bank, left his house, Rosemary Lodge, Crane's Park, Surbiton, telling his wife as he saw her into a carriage that he was going for a stroll. Nothing was seen of him again until his body was recovered from the Thames last Saturday.

Mr. Wallis, a brother-in-law, told the coroner yesterday that he believed Mr. Thurrott had been in monetary difficulties.

A verdict of Found Drowned was returned by the jury.

## CUP OF POISON.

## STRANGE CASE IN WHICH AN IRISH JURY DISAGREE.

The jury which has been engaged during the past two days in hearing a remarkable poison case at Armagh Assizes yesterday failed to agree as to their verdict.

Mrs. Jane Matchett, wife of a farmer, was accused of having attempted to poison her brother-in-law, Joseph Matchett. According to the theory of the prosecution, the woman was jealous of her husband, alleging that he was too intimate with other women.

On the evening of November 8 last her brother-in-law came to the house and stayed for tea with them. It was alleged that the woman put poison in a cup of tea intended for her husband, believing that he would sit in his usual place at the table, but by some mistake or accident the place intended for her husband was filled by her brother-in-law, and the poisoned cup was taken by him.

The poison was tartar emetic, but was put into the cup in such an excessive quantity that when taken it had the effect of causing the brother-in-law to become violently ill, with the result that his life was saved.

The prosecuting counsel said that the woman had access to tartar emetic, which was in the house in considerable quantities. On the day after the occurrence some of the poison was missing, and the woman, who had up to that time not been charged with the crime, was asked whether the tartar emetic was, and she replied, "Innocent Jane knows nothing about it. I did not put the poison in the cup." When charged she again declared her innocence.

## AMERICAN NEGRO RIOTS.

## Troops Keep White Mob From Burning Whole Districts.

Serious disturbances continue to occur at Springfield, Ohio, where a racial conflict is feared.

Following on the lynching of a negro, which was announced yesterday, a crowd of 2,000 whites have invaded and set fire to the negro section of the town, known as the "Levee" district.

Over twenty tenement houses have been burned, and the mob is only kept from further excesses by a large force of troops.

## PRINCE'S VISIT TO VIENNA.

When the Prince of Wales visits Vienna in April he will witness a gala performance at the Court Opera House, and the spring parade of the Vienna garrison will be held on the Schmelz.

It is stated that the Prince wishes to express personally his thanks to the Emperor for his appointment as honorary colonel to the 12th Hungarian Corps Artillery Regiment.

## NEEDY AUTHORS.

Viscount Goschen, presiding yesterday at the annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund, said that if only the public knew the names of some of the authors who had been helped over terrible times in their lives by grants from the fund, he felt confident that more money would soon be rolling into their coffers.

He suggested that authors who were celebrating any great literary success might mark the event by becoming subscribers to the fund. The annual subscriptions were only equal to one of the grants that had been made last year.

## BULLOCKS STOP AN EXPRESS.

Last night two bullocks at Surbiton Station bolted on to the metals just as the Exeter express was passing. The driver was fortunate, by pulling up promptly, to avoid derailment.

General Kuropatkin, commander of the Russian troops in the Far East, leaves St. Petersburg for the front on Sunday next. Gifts are being sent to him from all classes of people.

## PRAYED IN VAIN.

## Folly of Christian Science Once More Revealed at a Coroner's Inquest.

For the purpose of studying Christian Science William Wright, a young gardener, came to Lambdon on Yorkshire last January. He had been in the service of Mr. Arthur Pease, of Melton Hall, in the East Riding, but became ill, and showed his contempt for the efficacy of ordinary medical treatment by declining to enter the local infirmary with the result that he lost his situation.

Last Friday he was found dead, and yesterday Mr. Ingleby Oddie, deputy-coroner for West London, held an inquest.

George Miller, a butler, of Albion-street, Hyde Park, in reply to a question by the coroner as to the manner in which he came in contact with Wright, said: "A lady called on me and asked me to look after Mr. Wright while he was in London." The lady was Mrs. Hayward Booth, of Rolston Hall, near Hull.

## Assistance by Prayer.

The Coroner: Did Wright say he suffered from anything?—No, he did not, but I believe he suffered from paralysis in the left leg.

Were you praying for a cure for paralysis of anything else?—Not particularly praying, but praying and putting Christianity into practice.

The Coroner: You exercise your brain faculties with a view to producing some improvement in your man's spiritual condition?—Certainly. We consider that first.

You were also treating this man for something that was wrong physically?—Yes.

What is the method you adopt?—Prayer.

Do you maintain that to be sufficient?—In any case where a man or woman considers it to be so we do.

In further evidence the witness stated that there had been cases where fractures had been set without medical treatment. In cases of broken bones, however, a follower of Christian Science was advised to have the aid of a surgeon.

The Coroner: Do you mean to say that a fracture has been cured by Christian Science?—There have been several cases where cures have been effected.

A juror: Supposing you yourself were ill with pneumonia, would you apply any politics to your self?—We never apply anything externally.

Dr. H. P. Dunn, who had made a post-mortem examination, said the cause of death was double pneumonia.

In answer to a juror, he said he would not go so far as to state that if a medical man had been called in the life would have been saved.

The Coroner, in summing up, said it was not a case in which any criminal proceedings would follow. Wright was a man of mature years, and he chose not to have medical advice, then he chose to be blame.

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

## PITY THE POOR BROKER.

## Victims of City Depression Lunch Lightly.

Depression sits heavy on the London Stock Exchange.

The gay luncheon parties at smart restaurants are things of the past, and the modest repast at Lyons or an Aerated depot takes their place. In fact, the light refreshment places can hardly accommodate their large influx of visitors. A hot ham and beef shop is making a fortune for its happy proprietor. "Trade bad? Not a bit of it," he said: "never better. The Stock Exchange is seeing the advantage of a good, nutritious lunch with over their messes French dishes."

The small stallkeepers who vend chocolate and fruit are also largely benefiting by the slump. A member, munching a large apple, offered the information, with a grin, that he had turned vegetarian. Another well-known member, accustomed to frequent Pym's for his lunch, who was found in an Aerated Bread shop, excused himself on the plea that he was a shareholder, and must support his own company.

It is also understood that an agitation is being got up to have more clocks in the Exchange owing to the unprecedented dearth of watches amongst the members.

Another strange coincidence is that nearly all the members owning motors have found them needing repairing about this time.

Some of the dodges of members to turn an honest penny are amusing. One goes to Billingsgate Market, and makes up small bags of fish to sell to his brother-members at a small profit.

Another came down to the "house" with the intelligence that he had a pony to raffie, and managed to get thirty members at 41 a member. The draw took place, and he happily handed the astonished winner £25, and put 43 in his pocket.

"What's this?" queried the prize-winner. "Where's the pony?"

"Why, £25 is a 'pony,' isn't it?" replied the ingenious promoter, and walked off chuckling.

A well-known Jewish member was found sitting disconsolately by himself.

"What's the matter, Moses?"

"Vy, boys, I was just thinking if I'd only died twelve months ago I should have been worth another hundred thousand pounds. Just my luck."

## ARMY GILPINS.

Riding does not appear to be one of the subjects in which the tuition at the Military Staff College is conspicuously successful. At a run of the College hounds, yesterday, near Camberley, eight horses were following the hounds without riders. Several officers were badly thrown, and Capt. W. H. Anderson, of the Cheshire Regiment, was seriously injured.

**BOVRIL & YOU**  
**AGAINST**  
**ANY OTHER TWO**

**Influenza included.**



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esterday, near Camberley, eight  
following the bounds without  
officers were promptly thrown, and  
erson, of the Cheshire Regiment  
ured.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:  
Custly and cold north-easterly winds; change-  
able, showers of sleet or rain with fair intervals.  
Lighting-up time: 6.55 p.m.  
Sea passages generally will be moderate;  
rather rough across the North Sea.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A  
GLANCE.

To-day the King and Queen will quietly cele-  
brate the forty-first anniversary of their wed-  
ding. The most important function is a family  
dinner-party at Buckingham Palace.—(Page 11.)

Last evening it was stated that H.R.H. the Duke  
of Cambridge had passed a good day and that the  
improvement in his condition was maintained.—  
(Page 4.)

Japanese warships bombarded the forts at Tali-  
en on Tuesday evening, and then attacked Port  
Arthur. This information is contained in a brief  
message dated yesterday from Tokio. The where-  
abouts of the Russian Vladivostok squadron are still  
unknown, and details respecting the latter having  
taken part in a decisive engagement are wanting.—  
(Page 2.)

Our St. Petersburg correspondent states that the  
Scottish General Kleigels, who was anxious  
to take part in the present war, has been appointed  
by the Tsar Governor-General of several important  
provinces, including that of Kieff.—(Page 4.)

Earl Percy made a statement in the Commons  
respecting the Suez Canal and the Far East. The  
House subsequently went into Committee of Sup-  
ply on the Army Estimates. The military situation  
dealt with in an important speech by Mr.  
Balfour.—(Page 2.)

The French mail steamer Cambridge has been  
totally lost on a gale off Cape St. Jacques, on the  
west coast of French Cochinchina. Over 100  
people perished, some terrible scenes being wit-  
nessed on board.—(Page 1.)

Following close upon that in Bond-street, another  
West End jewel robbery is reported, the thieves  
succeeding in making good their escape with  
jewels valued at about £2,000 from premises in  
Regent-street. No arrest has yet been made.—  
(Page 3.)

Mystery no longer surrounds the whereabouts of  
a Norbiton nurse and baby reported missing.  
Both have been traced to Brighton.—(Page 3.)

Mr. S. E. Shirley, J.P., and an ex-M.P., has died  
in London under most painful circumstances. Giv-  
ing a cab-driver instructions to drive to his hotel,  
Mr. Shirley was on arrival there found uncon-  
scious, and expired on the way to Westminster  
Hospital.—(Page 4.)

Recent manoeuvres with a battleship section of  
the Home fleet off Portsmouth have proved the sub-  
marine to be a fighting force which will revolu-  
tionise naval warfare.—(Page 13.)

Judgment was given in the Divorce Court by  
Mr. Justice Barnes respecting the petition of Mr.  
R. F. Feig, formerly a Baptist minister. His  
petition refused to entertain the application, the  
petition being accordingly dismissed.—(Page 6.)

Despite the fact that search has been carried on  
for over a week, the efforts of the Pontypool police  
to trace the body of a child, said to be  
hidden in a garden, have so far failed. The two  
persons charged in connection with the matter  
were yesterday further remanded.—(Page 6.)

Mr. Justice Channell, in a decision given yester-  
day, held that a company registered exclusively in  
Transvaal was liable to income-tax assessment  
on the whole of its profits. This judgment has  
considerable interest in City circles.—  
(Page 5.)

Before the Lord Chief Justice yesterday, the  
hearing was continued of the libel action against  
"Truth" brought by Dr. H. N. Dakhy, of Kens-  
ington. Evidence was called for the defence, and  
counsel's speech had not concluded when the Court  
rose.—(Page 6.)

Mr. Charles Booth, a well-known author, was the  
defendant in a libel action heard in the High Court  
yesterday. In view of an apology tendered as well  
as the payment of £100, an injunction sought to  
prevent the sale of a book was not granted.—  
(Page 6.)

Complaints made by Shetland islanders in re-  
spect of a nuisance arising from carcasses of dead  
whales floating around the coast have resulted in  
the Board of Trade stating it has no power in the  
matter.—(Page 5.)

Sheffield Wednesday defeated Tottenham Hot-  
spur in a replayed Football Association Cup-tie at  
Sheffield by 2 goals to 0, and thus qualify to meet  
Manchester City in the semi-final.—(Page 14.)

Deputy-Lt. a Grand National candidate, won the  
Thermastown Steeplechase at Leicester yesterday,  
and was backed at 1,000 to 20 for the big Liverpool  
race.—(Page 14.)

Activity again marked the day's doings on the  
Stock Exchange. Talk of a Bank rate reduction  
in spite of rumours of mediation, Japanese and  
Russian bonds remained dull. Mining markets  
were satisfactory.—(Page 15.)

To-day's Arrangements.

Dorset (E.) Election.—Nominations.  
Football Club: Annual Meeting, Institution of  
Professional Engineers, Storey's-gate, Westminster, 5.0.  
Royal Choral Society, Handel's "Israel in Egypt,"  
Royal Albert Hall, 8.0.  
University of London: Professor Patrick Geddes on  
"Cities and their Culture Resources," School of Econo-  
mics, 6.10.  
Lieut.-General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny presides at the  
Annual Dinner of the Sixth Division, South African Cam-  
paign, Cafe Monacos, 8.0.  
Casual Club: Dinner to Major-General the Hon. Sir  
Edmund Talbot and Colonel Sir George Clarke, Troca-  
dero, 7.45.  
Mr. E. Sassoon, M.P., presides at the Annual Meeting  
of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the  
Throat, 8.0.

PARIS HOOLIGANS TAKE DEADLY VENGEANCE.



The "Love" band, a gang of ruffians who have made the Roquette quarter of Paris unsafe for months past, sentenced one of their number, named Verduque, to death. Lots were cast as to who was to take his life, and a youth of eighteen was appointed to carry out the sentence. The gang besieged Verduque's house for forty-eight hours, and, in spite of the efforts of the police to protect him, managed to take his life.

£2,000 JEWEL ROBBERY.

Thieves Get Safely Away With Their Spoil.

There was more than one West End jewellery robbery between Sunday evening and Monday morning. That at Messrs. Asprey's, in Bond-street, is well known, as two of the thieves were caught. Another, which has not attracted public attention, took place at Messrs. Fenton's, in Regent-street. Goods to the value of about £2,000 were stolen, and the thieves got away without leaving any clue.

A theory is entertained which might connect the burglars, who were cleverly captured after looting Messrs. Asprey's shop, with this burglary at Regent-street, but if so the thieves were careful enough to remove Messrs. Fenton's property before paying their visit to the Bond-street establishment.

This is the sixth time within the past twelve months that Messrs. Fenton's shop has been broken into by burglars, and in two instances they have succeeded in getting clear away with valuable goods.

NORBITON BABY FOUND.

But the Nurse Refuses To Part With It.

Following on the publicity given the disappearance of Mr. Spencer Rolfe's baby and the reward offered, a man at Brighton has solved the mystery. The baby is at the house of the nurse's brother-in-law, and Mr. Rolfe proceeded to Brighton to recover his offspring.

The public interest in the case does not, however, cease with the infant's discovery, for the nurse refuses to hand it over, and there is every probability of the whole of the remarkable incidents of the alleged abduction being made known in the police court.

Presiding over the meeting of the Mines and Banking Corporation, Limited, yesterday, Mr. Alfred Bull said he had been in the City for forty years, but the depression was more widely and generally felt now than for many generations past.

SCHOOL TEACHER FINED

For "Showing Temper" in Chastising a Child.

One of the assistant teachers at Battersea Park Board School, Rebecca Moss, was at the South-Western Police Court yesterday summoned for assaulting a girl pupil.

Counsel explained that defendant had been warned for hitting the child. When conducting a needle class she gave the word of command, "needles down," and because complainant was slow seized her arm and violently shook her.

For the defence it was contended the child disobeyed the first order and displayed temper. No unnecessary force was used.

Mr. Garratt said that teachers had no right to use violence except when administering punishment, and this could only be done under strict rules governing such a proceeding. Defendant had no doubt shown temper, and conduct of that kind should not occur at schools, which they were bound by law to attend. A fine of 10s. and 40s. costs, was imposed.



SNACKS AT THE OFFICE.

New City Sandwich Service Introduced.

English enterprise has found an improvement on the American quick lunch. It is now possible for the busy Londoner to get fresh sandwiches sent round to his office at a moment's notice.

To the "London Sandwich Society," which yesterday commenced business in Aldersgate-street,



An enterprising firm in the City supplies quick lunches to business men in their own offices. Boys in bright uniforms carry baskets of sandwiches done up in neat paper packets to the hungry and hurried customers.

belongs the honour of this innovation. The company has a staff of neatly-uniformed sandwich boys, who will deliver at any City address a neat packet of sandwiches enclosed in an air-tight wrapper, for the modest sum of threepence.

RUSSIFIED SCOT.

General Kleigels Wants to Fight Japanese.

The Russo-Scottish General Kleigels (writes our St. Petersburg correspondent), who for the last eight years has been Prefect and autocrat of St. Petersburg, has been appointed by the Tsar as Governor-General of the important provinces of Kiev, Podolsk, and Volhynsk.

General Kleigels served with great distinction throughout the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, and aspired to a high command in the event of hostilities with Japan.

In his formal leave-taking of his subordinates at the St. Petersburg Prefecture, General Kleigels said that high as was the distinction conferred on him by the Tsar, he would much sooner fight beside General Kuropatkin in the Far East, as he had done in the Near East.

If he succeeds the world will witness the strange spectacle of a man of Scotch blood fighting against Japan. "Kleigels" is merely a corruption of the Scottish name "Clayhills," the general being the descendant of a Scottish soldier of fortune who transferred his services to the former Tsar.

Curiously enough, another British-descended subject of the Tsar, in the person of Mr. E. N.



GENERAL KLEIGELS.

a Russian of Scotch descent, for the last eight years Prefect of St. Petersburg, has been appointed Governor-General of the provinces of Kiev, Podolsk and Volhynsk. Though the post is most important and a great honour, the gallant general would rather, he said, be fighting by the side of General Kuropatkin.

Chaplin, was not long ago appointed Chief Director of the St. Petersburg Postal Department, the most important position in the Russian Postal service.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Fully 700 cotton porters are now unemployed in Liverpool alone.

Fairview Laundry, Norbury, Croydon, has been destroyed by fire. The damage is estimated at £1,500.

The estate of the late Sir John Voce Moore, formerly Lord Mayor of London, has been sworn at £57,000.

Troops from India, to the number of 1,480, were landed by the transport Assaye at Southampton yesterday.

Mr. J. H. Leigh has fixed Saturday, April 9, for his production of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" at the Court Theatre.

According to "Truth," the Prince of Wales has now definitely declined the invitation to preside at the British Association meeting in Cape Town next year.

For the murder of his sweetheart, Alice Woodman, a Cheltenham girl, Sidney George Smith, twenty-three years of age, was executed at Gloucester yesterday morning.

At the inquest yesterday on John Rundle, who died from injuries sustained in the collision between the destroyer Vixen and a packet boat in the harbour at Devonport last week, the jury found the

Prince and Princess Arisugawa will represent the Japanese Court at the St. Louis World's Fair.

Whilst crossing the line at Silvertown this morning in a fog a man was knocked down by a goods train and badly injured.

Of 2,158 students who matriculated at Glasgow University last year 390 were women, seventy-six of whom took the medicine course.

Thirty-seven gold brooches stolen from a jeweller's at Llandudno a month ago have been found buried in the sand hills at Conway.

The Porte manifests a more conciliatory attitude towards the scheme for the reorganisation of the Macedonian gendarmery.

"If you thump an oak desk very hard it hurts," writes a Sheffield vicar in appealing in his parish magazine for a "good, substantial" pulpit cushion.

Thomas Corrigan and Constance Buckley, who were admitted to the Manchester Infirmary suffering from burns caused by a fire, died at that institution yesterday afternoon.

Documents are published officially in St. Petersburg in which the Tsar, on behalf of himself and the descendants of the Imperial House, renounces all his ancestral rights to the Grand Duchy of

EVA HUMBERT TO BE A GOVERNESS.



Madame Humbert's daughter, the "eternal fiancée" of the famous Crawford millions swindle but an innocent tool of the conspirators, has settled at Hameln-on-the-Weser, where she intends to earn her living by teaching music and languages.

collusion was due to negligence on the part of the commander of the Vixen.

Work on four lines now in course of construction in the Transvaal will be suspended.

Goods belonging to passive resisters were put up at auction on the steps of the ancient market or preaching-cross in the Market-place, Leighton Buzzard, yesterday.

Tuesday next has been fixed as the date for nominations in the Rosendale division by-election, and Tuesday, the 22nd inst., for the polling, if any. Mr. L. V. Harcourt has begun his campaign.

From Worcester the death is reported of the Rev. David Melville, D.D., in his ninety-second year. He was formerly Canon and Sub-Dean of Worcester Cathedral, and a well-known Greek scholar.

Many will be surprised to learn (says the "City Press") that the gross income the Corporation derives from what the Legislature regards as endowed charities reaches a sum in excess of £130,000.

At its sitting on Tuesday the Federal Council assented to the Bill passed by the Reichstag repealing legislation prohibiting Jesuits from settling in Germany.

From Prague, Bohemia, serious students' riots are reported. German students wearing their caps and colours were several times surrounded by the mob, who used opprobrious epithets.

Madame Albani, who is in Pretoria, cables accepting the engagement to sing at the great festival concert to be held on June 11 next in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Crystal Palace.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

After the visit yesterday morning of Sir Thomas Barlow and Mr. R. Fuller the following bulletin was issued: H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge has passed a very good night, and is a little stronger this morning.

In the evening it was stated that H.R.H. had passed a very good day, and the improvement in his condition was well maintained.

Oldenburg, and makes them over to Duke Frederick Ferdinand.

No death has occurred in the Dartmoor parish of Buckland-in-the-Moor, containing ninety inhabitants, for four years.

A collision between the police and the rioters has occurred at Valladolid, Spain, in which a young man was killed. The police fired upon the mob, and several people were wounded.

"Le Figaro" states that there is a considerable slackening of discipline among the crews of the French Northern squadron, who are constantly threatening to complain to the Minister of Marine.

Representations by the British Ambassador have resulted in a proposal by the Porte that an American missionary doctor shall make an inspection of certain prisons in which Bulgarians are confined.

Mr. Everitt, K.C., died yesterday morning, after a long and painful illness, at his residence at Lower Sloane-street. He was seventy-three years of age, and recently was leader in Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady's Court.

At the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce yesterday it was decided to urge the Government to give facilities for the passage of the Bill adopting the metric system of weights and measures.

In the Cape House of Assembly on Tuesday Mr. Jagger introduced a motion expressing regret that the Imperial Government had disregarded the resolutions passed by the Cape Parliament against the importation of Chinese labour.

LASSED BY AN EX-LOVER.

A young Parisienne some years ago eloped to South America with a young man who obtained work on a rancho.

He ill-treated her, and she fled on horseback to Buenos Ayres. On Monday night she was suddenly hurled to the ground, and found herself in the coils of a lasso thrown by her former lover, who then stabbed her with a large knife and fled.

EX-M.P. DIES IN A CAB.

Truth as to the Sensational Rumour of Foul Play.

A thrilling account of a supposed mysterious murder in the West End startled London yesterday afternoon.

On the authority of the Central News Agency various papers circulated a report that Mr. Sewallis Evelyn Shirley, a Justice of the Peace for



MR. SEWALLIS EVELYN SHIRLEY, J.P., was driven to his hotel in Victoria Street on Tuesday night in a cab unconscious. He was taken at once to Westminster Hospital, but the doctors say he was dead before he got there. He was once an Irish M.P.

Monaghan and Warwick, and an ex-M.P., had returned to his hotel in Victoria-street, in a cab on Tuesday night, unconscious.

It was said the hotel authorities, who saw that Mr. Shirley was suffering from serious injuries, summoned the police, who discovered that Mr. Shirley was minus his watch and chain and other valuables; and from the appearance of his wounds it was evident he had been the victim of foul play, having first been brutally assaulted and then robbed. The report continued, that notwithstanding the attention of the doctors Mr. Shirley never recovered consciousness, and died shortly after admission to the hospital.

A Daily Illustrated Mirror representative's inquiries dispose of the theory of foul play.

Mr. Shirley did not drive to the hotel which was the Windsor—on Tuesday night, but on Monday.

He was suffering from no apparent injuries. There was no evidence that he had been robbed or brutally assaulted. It was not evident that he had been the victim of foul play.

In other minor details the report was also inaccurate.

Probably Heart Failure.

So far as can be ascertained Mr. Shirley on Monday evening, when visiting a lady friend, was suddenly indisposed. The lady helped him down to the street, the ailing man leaving some of his party in the house. In the street he became much worse, and his friend asked some men to help him into a cab and see him to his hotel. Three men assisted him into a four-wheeler, and two of them drove with him to the Windsor.

Here they found Mr. Shirley insensible. The porter of the hotel shook him by the arm, and, failing to get any response, called a doctor and the police, who drove him straight on to the Westminster Hospital. Here it was found that the unfortunate man was dead. He had probably died before he reached the hotel.

The cause of his death has not yet been officially announced, but it is believed to have been a case of heart failure. An inquest will be held on Friday.

Mr. Shirley was a landed proprietor, and from 1874 to 1880 member of Parliament for an Irish constituency—county Monaghan. He had seats at Elington Park, Strafford-on-Avon, and at Long Fea, Carrickmacross, county Monaghan. He was the founder and president of the Kennel Club and a member of the Junior Carlton. He was sixty years of age.

NEW IDEAS IN WEDDING FETES.

Buffalo fighting was one of the amusements prepared for the Gaekwar of Baroda's guests at the recent wedding in the family. Large, fierce-looking buffaloes, veiled with cloths, entered the arena. When the cloth was dropped the furious animals rushed at one another, and met with a heavy



MR. E. N. CHAPLIN, another Russo-Scot, was not long ago made Chief Director of the St. Petersburg Postal Department.

crash, urged on by the wild cries of the natives, who, however, separated them before any were killed. Ram and elephant fights followed.



# THE TSAR IN HIS STUDY KEEPS IN TOUCH WITH THE WAR.



A special wire runs directly from the Russian headquarters at Mukden to the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where the Tsar in his favourite sanctum has a map of the Far East, and as the news comes in the "Little Father" follows the fortunes of his fleet and army, marking their movements with pinned flags of various colours.

## HUMAN INCUBATORS.

### Good Wages Earned by Lying Abed.

A Russian journal tells a singular story which has a touch of pathos and humour combined. A poor peasant woman living near Vileika, in the Government of Vilna, was left absolutely destitute with six children to support.

At last a luminous idea struck her. She suggested to the neighbouring poultry-farmers that she should relieve them from the trouble and expense of using incubators for hatching chickens and turkeys.

They agreed, and the eggs, carefully secured from injury in wooden cases, and packed in wool, were placed in the children's cots, which were constantly occupied, day and night, by the six little ones in turn during the three weeks required for incubation.

As each of the cots contained four hundred eggs—two hundred on each side—the human incubators succeeded in hatching twelve hundred eggs at a time, for which they received one halfpenny per egg, or £2 10s. Their earnings, therefore, for lying in bed for twenty-one days amounted to exactly 16s. 8d. a week, a sum far exceeding the average wage of a Russian skilled workman in the country districts.

A correspondent suggests that a similar idea should be adopted in British workhouses; it would unquestionably be extremely popular, and it would save a vast amount of unpleasantness between the labour master and the casuals who have a conscientious objection to breaking stones.

Savings banks, established in Scottish schools, now number 112, the amount standing to the credit of 11,714 depositors being £25,629.

## INCOME-TAX OCTOPUS.

### Test Case Causes Some Alarm Among City Firms.

Considerable interest was yesterday excited in the City by the decision of Mr. Justice Channell that a company registered exclusively in the Transvaal was liable to income-tax assessment on the whole of its profits.

Many City firms are in the same position as that of A. Goetz and Co., Ltd., the company to which Mr. Justice Channell's decision related, and it is realised by them that if the Income-Tax Commissioners act on the precedent now established, it will affect them to a very considerable extent. The Goetz Company is one of the most important owning mining property in the Transvaal. Its chairman is Lord Battersea, and it is registered in the Transvaal with a capital of £1,000,000.

The company had appealed against the Income-Tax Commissioners, who held that, though Messrs. Goetz and Co. were registered in the Transvaal, they were, for the purpose of income-tax assessment, resident in the United Kingdom, and, therefore, liable on the whole of their annual profits.

The appeal was dismissed with costs. As the case was looked on in the light of a test case, the further action of the Income-Tax Commissioners is looked forward to with trepidation by companies similarly situated.

### "BY JINGO."

With reference to the late Mr. G. W. Hunt, author of "By Jingo," his daughter writes to contradict the statement that he died in poverty.

She says he had an allowance derived from a benefit at the London Fashions got up for him by Messrs. Herbert Campbell and Dan Leno.

The song was written, it appears, at the request of Macdormot.

## PLAGUE OF DEAD WHALES.

### Scotch Islands Haunted by An "Ancient and Fish-like Smell."

Decaying carcasses of whales are troubling the olfactory organs of the inhabitants of the Shetland Isles and the Hebrides.

According to Mr. Culheart Wason, M.P., these islands are threatened with a plague of dead whales, which float about the coasts in a most inconvenient and irritating fashion, scenting the air for miles.

The nuisance of the floating whales is, however, said to be mild and innocuous in comparison with that created by deceased whales which drift ashore and putrefy there.

This state of things is stated to be due to the action of the fishermen themselves, who, after a raid on a shoal of whales, remove the whalebone and other desirable parts of their prizes, leaving the rest of the carcasses to drift about until they rot.

Mr. Gerald Balfour, in reply to Mr. Wason's request that the Board of Trade should abate the nuisance by ordering the dead whales to be burned or buried, stated that as the whales referred to are outside the territorial limits of the United Kingdom the Board of Trade has no power in the matter, even if the carcasses are afterwards brought within the territorial limits.

### REVIVING OLD TIMES.

In Abercorn-road, situated between Mill Hill and Finchley, there has been erected a toll-gate, with a list of the dues payable posted near by.

For years the road—on private property—has been used by the public without charge. Now it is in need of repair. Funeral parties, policemen, and postmen are considered privileged, and there are special rates for vehicles and cyclists.

## SPRING IN THE AIR.

### Warm Weather Welcomed by Women and Workers.

"It is, it really is spring," said the girl in the black hat and the violets in her coat. It was on the top of a white 'bus in the Strand, and the girl was enthusiastic about the sunshine.

At the Meteorological Office the officials were not quite so optimistic. "No," said one, smiling, "spring has not come yet in one sense, although I think it has in another." He turned to a big flat volume. "The barometer to-day stands at fifty-seven, and the mean temperature for March is forty-two; so you have spring in that sense. But it doesn't really begin until the twenty-first according to the calendar."

In a moment he had some more grateful intelligence to impart. "No warnings have been issued to-day, so at least until twelve o'clock to-morrow I think the weather will remain the same."

The Park, the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative found, had commenced the season. A crowd of people hung about the gates, and spread itself along the railings within. A familiar cluster of carriages stood at the end of the Row. An immaculate young Army officer, in frock-coat, pale lavender waistcoat, and gloves precisely to match, leaned nonchalantly on the railings, talking to a picture-hatted girl sitting in a victoria.

In Piccadilly elderly and dignified Army men passed out of their clubs, leaving umbrellas and overcoats behind. Open carriages were everywhere, and by Half-Moon-street there was the old familiar block in the traffic.

Unfortunately, in the early evening rain came on to spoil the Meteorological Office's cheerful forecast. It did not last long, but it left the air much colder than it had been before. The gentle breath of Spring had been frightened away.



# YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

## GREAT DAY FOR OTOTOLOGY.

### Lord Chief Justice's Court Lends Its Ears to an Interesting Discussion.

'Aurists and ear specialists visited the Lord Chief Justice's court in such numbers yesterday that a visitor could well be excused if he imagined that the occasion was a meeting of the Otological Society.

As a matter of fact, the occasion was the opening of the defence of "Truth" against the libel action brought by Dr. Hannan Nassif Dakhy, the Syrian aurist who so much objects to having been called "a quack of the rankest species" in Mr. Labouchere's journal.

Whenever scientific men—to any extent—visit the High Court in the capacity of witnesses, there is invariably a contest of wit between them and the lawyers with whom they are brought in contact. The audience of yesterday, therefore, expected an intellectual treat, and the audience was not disappointed.

#### Mr. Rawlinson's Challenge.

The challenge was flung down by Mr. Rawlinson, K.C., Dr. Dakhy's counsel. Mr. Rawlinson informed an otologist that a word begun with "oto" was not, as the otologist supposed, of Latin origin. When Dr. Pritchard, F.R.C.S., M.D., professor of aural surgery at King's College, aural surgeon at King's College Hospital, president of the Otological Society of Great Britain, etc., etc., went into the witness-box everybody thought that this insult would be instantly wiped out.

But it was the Lord Chief Justice who got in the next blow—on behalf of the Bar. Dr. Pritchard had stated that "the profession do not know how counter-irritants act," and then his lordship said: "There are a great many things which the profession doesn't know." (Delighted laughter.)

This at once put Dr. Pritchard on his mettle. He waited his opportunity, and spied a weak spot in the armour of Mr. Eldon Bankes, counsel for his own side. "What is there here?" Mr. Bankes unsuspectingly asked, placing his finger behind his ear. "Very dense bone," was the distinguished otologist's immediate reply, and then the audience realised that Mr. Bankes had been politely called thick-headed.

#### A Pitying Smile.

The next point was scored by the Law. Dr. Pritchard was informed by the Lord Chief Justice that evidence had been given that a little girl, whom he (Dr. Pritchard) had tried to cure of deafness, had been actually cured by the Syrian specialist.

In reply Dr. Pritchard smiled. It was noticed that this smile, so eloquent of superior technical knowledge, was having a deleterious effect on Mr. Rawlinson. At last Mr. Rawlinson protested. "Please don't be too hard on me, doctor," he said. "That smile makes me nervous."

Dr. Cheadle, who runs Dr. Pritchard close for the honour of being the greatest aurist in the world, then tried his wits against those of the lawyers, and so did other great otologists. Everybody was put in a good humour by the Lord Chief Justice's affability in admitting that even Lord Chief Justices sometimes make mistakes. He had spelt "ears" as "years" in his notes, he genially admitted.

When the Court was adjourned it was generally felt that it had been a great day for otology.

#### WHO IS HE?

For the fourth time the mysterious deaf and dumb alien whose nationality has baffled the Bangor police appeared yesterday on a charge of committing a breach of the county by-laws.

The magistrate's clerk read a letter from the Secretary of State saying that he had made every endeavour to obtain an interpretation of the signs written by the prisoner, but with little definite result. Some of the letters appeared to be in Russian, while others were ordinary Latin characters, but they formed no sequence of words. Inquiry had been made at the Russian and Greek Consulates and at the British Museum.

"It has been suggested," the letter proceeded, "that the man has intentionally written a mere jumble of words with a view of confusing the police. It has also been suggested that he may be a Maltese or a low-caste Arab, familiar in Malta."

Scotland Yard leans to the low-caste Arab theory. He is to be sent to Liverpool, so that he may have an opportunity of securing a ship.

#### BOYS' GAMBLING DEN RAIDED.

For permitting gaming on his premises Henry Collins, a refreshment-house keeper, of 1a, Ceylon-road, Hammersmith, was at West London Police Court yesterday fined £15.

Detective-sergeant Collins stated he raided the premises. The defendant tried to prevent his ingress, while Mrs. Collins jumped on his back and, putting her arms round his neck, endeavoured to drag him away from the door of the room. When he entered some fifteen lads, whose ages ranged from thirteen to twenty-three years, were assembled round a table; cards piled in small packs for the game of banker lay before them, and money was scattered about. One boy informed him defendant made a charge for the room, and that he and his wife also served them with "hot drinks" and gingerbeer.

#### THE STRAIN OF LONDON LIFE.

Brought before Sir George Fandel Phillips, at the Mansion House Court yesterday, on a charge of having attempted to commit suicide at an office in the City, Wm. Esplin, a young man, living at Highbury Park, explained that on Monday he had taken several drops of laudanum to relieve pain in his legs, and when he awoke he had taken too much. He went for the police. He suffered from nervous depression some time ago, and the terrible strain of London life, accentuated by the fact that he was losing his situation, brought on a recurrence of the attack.

The alderman said he would remand him for his friends to be communicated with.

## MINISTER'S TWO WIVES.

### Mr. Justice Barnes Refuses His Petition for Divorce.

In the Divorce Court yesterday, Mr. Justice Barnes delivered judgment in the case of Pegg v. Pegg and Jowing. This was the petition of Mr. Isaac Bernard Pegg, formerly a Baptist minister.

The question raised was whether the petitioner was entitled to his decree, he having married under the belief that his wife was dead. He continued to live with his second wife for some years after he had ascertained that his first wife was alive.

His lordship felt that he did not know one half of the facts. He had had to listen to the petitioner's account alone with regard to his own actions, his wife's conduct, and what had taken place. But the result of his consideration of the case was that he really could not act on the evi-

## SEARCHING FOR A DEAD CHILD.

### Unsuccessful Efforts to Substantiate a Murder Confession.

Very little further evidence was given yesterday before the Pontypool magistrates when Thomas Jones, of Ambrose Farm, Pontrhydrun, was again charged with causing the death of his illegitimate child in August, 1902. Miss Stokes, his housekeeper at the time, was also charged with being an accessory.

Police-superintendent James related the statement made to him by Stokes concerning the birth of the child. She said Jones told her he had smothered it because he did not want his sisters to know anything of the matter. Some time after Jones took her into the garden and pointed out the spot where he said he had buried the child. When he refused to marry her she informed the police.

## TIED TO A STAIR-RAIL.



When Mrs. Dunnett, of East Molesey, and her daughter came home last Saturday night they thought they heard a noise in the house. Miss Dunnett went to find her father, but her mother, bravely going upstairs, was knocked down by a burglar as she opened the door of one of the bedrooms. He gagged her with a handkerchief, tied her to the stair-rail, and made off with £20 in gold, the contents of a cash box.

dence given, or come to the conclusion that petitioner had reasonable grounds for believing his first wife was dead.

Petitioner should have gone to a lawyer, who would have advised him to bring a suit at once, and separate from the second wife. Petitioner did not do that. In his judgment it was quite impossible to entertain the application.

#### AUTHOR SUED FOR LIBEL.

Sitting without a jury yesterday in the King's Bench Division, Mr. Justice Grantham had before him the case of Miller v. Booth. This was an action brought by Mr. James Miller, a large property owner in Hackney, to recover damages for libel from Mr. Charles Booth, author of "The Life and Labour of the People of London."

Detective-sergeant Collins stated he raided the premises. The defendant tried to prevent his ingress, while Mrs. Collins jumped on his back and, putting her arms round his neck, endeavoured to drag him away from the door of the room. When he entered some fifteen lads, whose ages ranged from thirteen to twenty-three years, were assembled round a table; cards piled in small packs for the game of banker lay before them, and money was scattered about. One boy informed him defendant made a charge for the room, and that he and his wife also served them with "hot drinks" and gingerbeer.

Mr. Justice Grantham, in view of a substantial sum having been given by Mr. Booth to Mr. Miller, and his having tendered an apology, said he could not grant an injunction. No costs were allowed.

#### FUTILE EXPEDITION.

Ralph H. Angier, chief engineer in the Jungle Syndicate, Ltd., attended at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday, when his further examination was concluded.

The debtor in 1901 went with an expedition to Abyssinia, under the command of Mr. Victor Cavendish, for the purpose of exploring two concessions, alleged to have been given by the Emperor Menelik. On reaching Jibuti, Somaliland, it was found the concessions had been given to another gentleman.

Debtor instituted proceedings at law, and for want of funds was unable to proceed. To this he attributed his failure.

Superintendent Jones added that although they had been digging in various parts of the garden the police had been unable to find any traces of the remains of the body. He consequently asked for a further remand.

Mr. Everett, for the prisoner Jones, strongly objected, but the Bench granted the remand and refused bail.

#### COINCIDENCE AND MR. CLERY.

The would-be darling of Deptford was yesterday in King's Bench Court III. brought face to face with that eminent and witty Judge who was once known as Deptford's Darling.

In other words, Mr. Clery, chairman of the Fawcett Association, and Radical candidate for Deptford, appeared as plaintiff in a slander action before Mr. Justice Darling, who once successfully led a forlorn hope against the Deptford Radicals and captured the seat for his party.

In a speech of consummate eloquence, Mr. Clery explained that another gentleman interested in the welfare of postmen, viz., a Mr. Nevill, had said at a meeting at the Memorial Hall that he, Mr. Clery, was on the verge of bankruptcy, and therefore not suitable for Parliamentary purposes.

Mr. Clery delighted the court with a humorous exposition of the difficulties of a candidate, even when he is not hampered by rumours about his finances. He was expected to answer questions about ritualism, he said.

Mr. Justice Darling: You forget that there is to be a Royal Commission on the subject. (Loud laughter.)

The case was adjourned.

#### BURGULARS FRIGHTENED BY A CORPSE.

Burglars, who entered an apparently unoccupied house in Cricklewood, proceeded to collect and pack in sacks a number of articles ready for removal, when suddenly they made the discovery that there was a corpse lying in the room. Terrified they rushed from the house, leaving behind them all their booty.

It appears that the other occupants of the house had gone to stay with a neighbour until after the funeral of their dead relative had taken place.

"A remarkably good sixpenny" worth. Mr. Wilson's picturesque story of the awakening of Japan to the conditions of modern warfare is a most striking narrative, and it is emphasised by a convincing series of photographs and drawings by prominent war artists."

—FALL MALL GAZETTE.

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## HEART DISEASE

Most folks who imagine they have heart disease are really troubled with indigestion, "Wind," or a Deranged Stomach, for which the test proven cure is

**Page Woodcock's Pills**

The safe, sure, and speedy remedy with a 50 years' increasing British reputation. Of all Chemists, etc., 1/12 and 2/6.

SMITH.

## To CURE Drunkards.

There is a cure for Drunkenness which has shed its radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate homes. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or brother looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will, or without his knowledge or co-operation.

This famous remedy has guided many a young man to sobriety and into the high road of fortune, and has saved the father, the brother, and the son.

If you send name and address to the Ward Chemical Company, 111, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., they will post enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food.

Mrs. Geo. Fuller says: "I am only too thankful my husband never now wishes for intoxicating liquor. I gave him Antidipso in his tea and coffee, and it has quite cured him." With the

## FREE TRIAL

Packet will be sent books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to save them near and dear to you.

DON'T NEGLECT TO WRITE TO-DAY.



AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** TO-NIGHT, at 9.  
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
Preceded, at 8.30, by THE WIDOW WOOS.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**  
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

**THE DARLING OF THE GODS.**  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

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TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9.  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 5.  
Mr. LEWIS WALLER.

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By Sydney Grundy.  
Preceded Nightly, at 8.15, by  
A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.  
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 5193 Gerrard.

**ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.**  
At 8.30, in  
OLD HEIDELBERG (220th time).  
LAST 5 NIGHTS.  
LAST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.15.  
March 17.—Production of LOVE'S CARNIVAL.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch," for each year from 1851 to 1819 inclusive, and for the years 1828 and 29, and 1869, 70 and 71.—Address Mr. Daily Mail Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.**—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Governors of this Institution will be held at the ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL, on WEDNESDAY, March 16, at 4 o'clock precisely. The Right Hon. LORD BLANCKFORD, K.C.B., in the Chair.—CHARLES DIBBIN, Secretary, 25, Charing Cross Road.

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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES.

Where the Taxpayer's Money Goes.

After hammering away for a number of years, agitators in Press and Parliament have managed to get a scheme of War Office Reform drawn up by three able men and laid before the country. When it is in operation, this scheme ought to have the effect of decreasing the enormous amount we spend on the Army. Indeed, if it does not do that, it will soon be on the scrap heap and some other plan will have to be produced. We can, at any rate, hope for the best, and in the meantime there is another field for the energies of those financial reformers who realise that we cannot possibly go on spending so much as we have done of late years.

Why is it that the cost of the Civil Service has been rising so steadily and by such huge sums? In 1891-92 it cost (excluding Customs, Inland Revenue, and Post Office) seventeen millions. Ten years later its demands had risen to 24 millions. Last year's estimate was 26½ millions, and there is every prospect of this year's being larger still. In "salaries and expenses" alone there is an increase of £90,000, nearly half of which is to be spent on printing and stationery. How is it that the amount under this head of salaries and expenses should now (£2,685,621) be half a million greater than it was five years ago (£2,160,715)?

The whole of our Civil Service system needs overhauling. An enormous number of people in Government offices are employed in doing things which could quite well be left undone. Within the last twenty years vast powers of self-government have been given to local bodies. This might be expected to have lessened the amount of government that has to be done from Whitehall. It appears, on the

contrary, to have increased it; at all events, it has increased its cost. Again, in recent years the amount of printed matter supplied to members of Parliament has grown to be a burden and a nuisance. The majority of members throw away their blue-books and "returns" and so on without looking at them. The money spent on printing most of them is simply thrown away.

Royal Commissions are another cause of waste. Very few of them are of the slightest use. Take, for example, that which has just been appointed to consider lawlessness in the Church. The subject has been discussed in the Press for years past. Nobody who reads a newspaper can possibly have avoided knowing all about it. Yet the Government solemnly pretend that they want more information, and therefore they appoint a Royal Commission. Of course, everyone knows that this is simply a dodge to get rid of the question for some time longer, but why should the nation pay many thousand pounds extra in order that Ministers may have a little longer to make up their minds, and the Church get another chance of enforcing some kind of discipline upon its unruly members?

The "Party of Progress," if it ever arrives, will have to run the government of the country upon a much more economical basis.

OUR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS BRING QUICK RETURNS.  
See Pages 15 and 16.

THE DIVISION LOBBY THERMOMETER.



In the House of Commons on Tuesday the Government had a majority of 102. A decided change for the worse, thinks Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, from the recent drop to 14.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The Tsar is to be found for several hours each day at the St. Petersburg end of a special wire to the Far East. At the other end of the wire is Admiral Alexieff, who does the pulling.

A soldier on duty at Przmysl (Galicia) has committed suicide for fear of seeing ghosts. The name of the town in question was found firmly embedded in his throat at the post-mortem.

General Sakharoff is represented as saying that the Russians are not in the mood to stop the war before it is quite finished. This is the only point on which Japan and Russia are entirely agreed, but it is feared that it is impossible to make it the basis of an amicable understanding.

The news that a new dance which is a combination of waltzing and Association football is on its way to this country is causing some interest among the dancing public. It is considered, however, that the introduction of hockey sticks into the ballroom would be even more stimulating, and exciting, for at a crowded dance a dashing player could hardly fail to make his influence felt.

The Crown has just received a nasty knock. The local authorities have banished it from the caps of the attendants at the Cork District Lunatic Asylum. It was stated on the authority of one of the oldest and most respected lunatics in the institution that the badge was "most repulsive to the political feelings of the attendants," and a petition by the patients praying that the crowns of the attendants'

heads may also be removed is in course of preparation. Unfortunately there is not room in Cork Asylum for all the people who object to the crown as a "party badge."

Counsel in a breach of promise action at Chester said that although there were over 100 letters produced there was not a line of poetry "owing to the fact that the defendant was a station-master."

How strange the reason counsel here defines  
For surely any station-master ought  
To have not only a command of lines  
But power to start the needful train of thought!

We have much pleasure in publishing the following important cablegrams from the seat of war to the fashion of some of our contemporaries:—

PORT ARTHUR.—Fine; clear sky. Wind NNE. Sea smooth. Temp. 14deg. Mixed bathing permitted.

VLADIVOSTOK.—Cloudy; dull; some snow. Wind ENE. Sea rough; pleasure steamers not running. Concerts on pier daily by band of the Royal Japanese Naval Artillery.

SEOUL.—Glazed frost. Hunting stopped and Seoul races abandoned.

ANJU.—Heavy snow and frost. Cross-country race to the Yalu seriously interfered with. Many visitors leaving for the north.

It is rumoured that a welcome note of colour will be added to our streets by the use of umbrellas of varying hue. London would thus look gay even in the wettest weather, but what is really wanted is an umbrella like that which we used to see on the weather cards, which changes its hue on the approach of a depression from the Atlantic. A glance at the umbrella-stand would then tell us at once whether the "brolly" should accompany us or not.



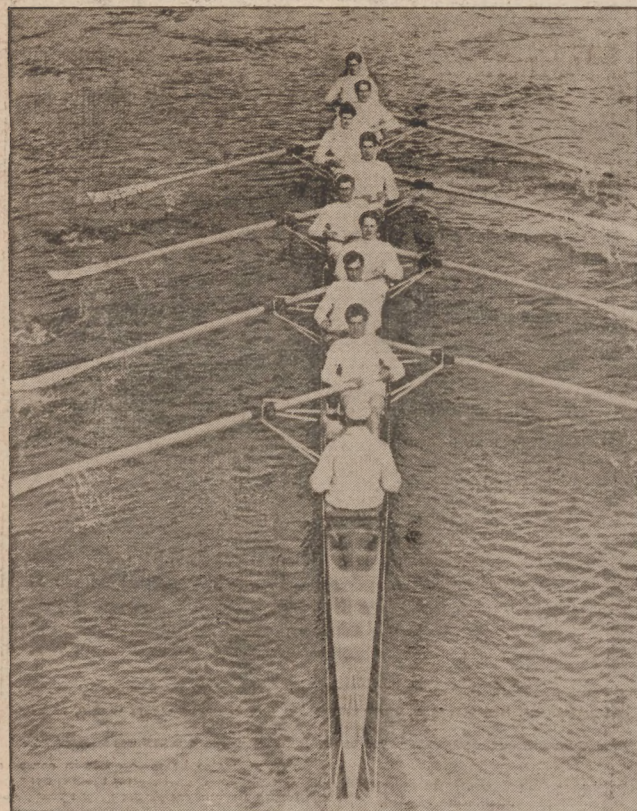
# THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

THE 'VARSITY CREWS AT HENLEY.



The Cambridge crew taking in their boat after a practice. They leave for Putney on Saturday, and will row there on Monday, while Oxford make their first appearance in the tideway to-day.

THE LIGHT BLUE EIGHT.



The Cambridge crew are the guests, while they stay at Henley, of Sir John Edwards-Moss, at Thamesfield. The president, P. H. Thomas (Third Trinity), who rows No. 6 (the third man facing the cox in our photograph), is the only old Blue rowing, but B. G. A. Scott (Trinity Hall) steered the crew to victory last year.

THE DARK BLUES AND THEIR COACH.



Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, the famous old Blue, coaching the Oxford crew from the launch Consuta. It is difficult to make the voice carry across water, so the coach uses a megaphone. The eight rows at Putney to-day at 10.30.

MISS VIOLA TREE'S DEBUT.



Mr. Beerbohm Tree's eldest daughter, Miss Viola Tree, makes her first bow as a member of "the" profession at Edinburgh to-night as Viola, appropriately enough, in "Twelfth Night." She has for some time been diligently rehearsing with her father. [Lillian Charles, Photo]



MARQUIS ITO  
is going to Korea as "Special Ambassador" for the Mikado. He is the strongest statesman in Japan, and the most trusted adviser of the Mikado.



COUNT INOUE.  
one of the most famous of Japan's Elder Statesmen, acted as adviser to the Korean Government during the Chino-Japanese war, a similar appointment to that now conferred upon Marquis Ito.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT PRACTICE.



The Cambridge crew on the river at Henley. They are a fine lot of men, but they have 3st. more weight on the stroke side than the bow, whereas Oxford have 47st. 6lb. on each side. This is an advantage in tidal waters.



Within a minute of the manned by five sailors

MID-OCEAN

Black Stowaway His

Snapshot photographs dom have more than a modern steamer the dr lacking, as the exciting old-time sailing liner are tony on a floating hote senger from Sierra Leon Canary, by the R.M.S.



A black boy, only abe that had been lent him swim back home, lea him; when at lengt thrown to him by t

African Steamship Comp nate enough to secure viv from drowning in mid-o saved against his will a narrowly-averted tragedy "We passengers were after breakfast," wrote smoking, and dozing, w and we felt the ship qui up thinking we were goi another vessel, but on lo another ship. I then the peller, as the ship had s thumping of the eng However, I was wrong, denly been reversed fro speed astern, and we he overboard. A boy about the Benin Coast, had bee and naked. There is no a bit mad, as he tore off him, and used to wander ing his hands up to Hei in his own language. N lect, not even the Kroc from West Africa, and mysterious person. He board thinking that he w feeling both home-sick ar "As soon as I heard tl board, I tore down to n and rushed to the stern. disappearance a boat w and cast adrift on the engines having been ste eye the sea looked very tossed up and down like rowing and an officer st and down-looking every negro. Suddenly we on looking very small, bob time exposed on the top to sight in the trough. 1 passengers shrieked to th



# DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

SINGULAR SNAPSHOTS OF "MAN OVERBOARD" IN THE ATLANTIC.

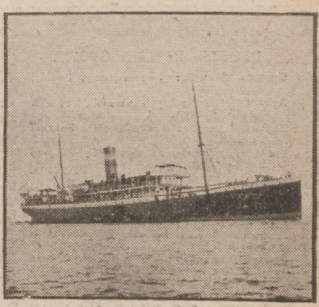


Within a minute of the boy's disappearance a boat manned by five sailors was lowered to the rescue.



CAPT. J. S. HELY, of R.M.S. Burutu, who at once stopped his ship when he heard the cry, "Man overboard."

boat, and held down by the officer who was steering. He struggled to get away, but without success, and the boat was rowed alongside the Burutu. A rope was thrown from the ship, and this was fastened round the boy, and he was hoisted on board again. As he was hauled up the side he made no attempt to keep himself from banging against the side of the ship, and his head came with a sickening smack against the side. When he was hoisted on board he was tied to a ventilator, and brandy was given him, which he could not be persuaded to drink, but kept rolling up his eyes, casting up his hands, and muttering away in his own language. He was then given a blanket and locked up, and on arriving at Las Palmas, Grand Canary, he was sent back to the place he came from by a steamer bound for the West African ports. Altogether it was a very smart piece of work by the crew of the Burutu, under Captain Hely, and an agreeable break in the monotony of a sea voyage for the passengers."



R.M.S. BURUTU, of the British and African Steamship Co., the fine vessel from which the negro stowaway jumped in his fright into the sea.

## QUICK-CHANGE MOTOR-CARS.

Recently several automobilists, summoned for furious driving in Berlin have, to the surprise of the police, been able to prove an alibi. The explanation has now been discovered in a mechanical contrivance, which enables the driver to change his number at will. If this trickery finds its way to England a short amendment may be re-

quired to the Motor Act, which did not contemplate the possibility of a motor pirate sailing under false numbers.

## MID-OCEAN RESCUE.

### Black Stowaway Saved Against His Will.

Snapshots taken on board ship seldom have more than a personal interest. On the modern steamer the dramatic situation is mostly lacking, as the exciting times experienced by the old-time sailing liner are exchanged for dull monotony on a floating hotel. Mr. G. Miller, a passenger from Sierra Leone for Las Palmas, Grand Canary, by the R.M.S. Burutu, of the British and

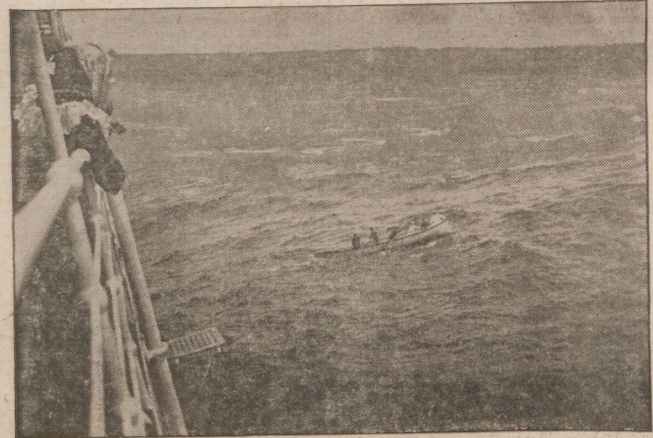
way too far off to be heard), the siren was continually blown to attract attention, and the roar of the escaping steam was deafening. All this time the boat was vainly tossing up and down, and the Benin boy was swimming as fast as he could from the ship. Sharks were plentiful, for we had often seen their fins cutting through the water as the steamer passed. At last those in the boat saw the negro and gave chase. They came alongside the boy, but it was a very difficult matter to get him on board, for as soon as the rowers slackened their speed to allow a man to get hold of him, the boy swam off hard in another direction; nor could the man in the boat throw a rope round him, although he tried several times. Finally, however, he was caught; hoisted into the

## BRINGING THE NIGGER BOY BACK.



Even when he was in the boat on this way back to the ship the negro wrestled to get free from the two sailors who held him. Those on board watched the whole queer scene with intense interest and excitement.

## THE STRUGGLE WITH DEATH.

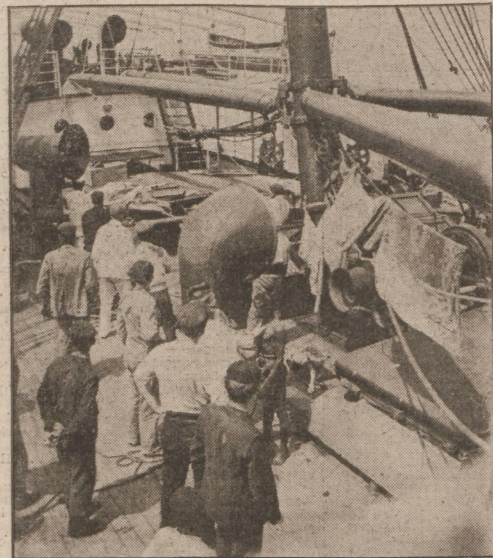


A black boy, only about fourteen years old, a stowaway on board the Burutu, tore off the clothes that had been lent him (when he was found he was naked and starving), and, perhaps thinking he could swim back home, leapt into the sea. For a long while the ship's boat could not come up with him; when at length it did, he struggled to escape, and swam away from the rope that was thrown to him by the crew. At last, with a struggle, they hoisted him on board, as this singular snapshot shows.

African Steamship Company, was, however, fortunate enough to secure vivid photographs of a rescue from drowning in mid-ocean. That the negro was saved against his will adds a farcical touch to a narrowly-averted tragedy.

"We passengers were sitting on the upper deck after breakfast," writes Mr. Miller, "talking, smoking, and dozing, when the telegraph rang out and we felt the ship quiver and shake. I jumped up thinking we were going to have a collision with another vessel, but on looking ahead I did not see another ship. I then thought we had lost our propeller, as the ship had slowed down, although the thumping of the engines could still be heard. However, I was wrong, for the engines had suddenly been reversed from full speed ahead to full speed astern, and we heard that there was a man overboard. A boy about fourteen years old, from the Benin Coast, had been found on board; starving and naked. There is not much doubt that he was a bit mad, as he tore off all clothes that were given him, and used to wander about the stern deck, casting his hands up to Heaven, praying and talking in his own language. No one understood his dialect, not even the Kroo boys and other natives from West Africa, and altogether he was a very mysterious person. He probably jumped overboard thinking that he would swim back to Africa, feeling both home-sick and sea-sick.

"As soon as I heard that there was a man overboard, I tore down to my cabin, got my camera and rushed to the stern. In a minute of the boy's disappearance a boat with five men was lowered and cast adrift on the Atlantic, the Burutu's engines having been stopped. To a landsman's eye the sea looked very rough, and the boat was tossed up and down like a cork. With four men rowing and an officer steering the boat rowed up and down looking everywhere for the unfortunate negro. Suddenly we on deck saw a black head, looking very small, bobbing up and down, at one time exposed on the top of a wave, at another lost to sight in the trough. It was very exciting. The passengers shrieked to the boat (they were a long

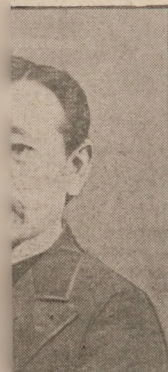


When at last the strange negro, whose dialect even the Kroo boys on the ship could not understand, was brought back on board he had to be tied to a ventilator while the doctor examined him.



In the midst of this curious crowd you can just see the head of the 'mad nigger,' as they called him. He would not take a drink of brandy to warm him, but kept rolling his eyes, throwing up his hands, and calling on his unknown gods to help him.

member of "the" profession has for some time been (Lullie Charles.



INOUE, of Japan's Elder Statesmen, rean Government during the far appointment to that now n Marquis Ito.

## NOTICE.



t of men, but they Oxford have 475t. raters.



# AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned.  
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.  
ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham.  
FAMIAN GRISWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.  
SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.  
PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Famillio.  
JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.  
OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.  
MILES FAMILIO: A scoundrel who has gone through a mock marriage with Pauline years ago.  
INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

## CHAPTER XVII. (continued.)

The room was in shadow save for the restricted circle of light thrown by the reading-lamp, which fell with a mellow intensity on Inspector Wright's slowly moving hand and beyond to a patch of faded carpet.

The action of the man's hand seemed almost automatic. On the table before him was spread a little line of note-books with variegated covers—red, violet, crude, fierce green, and blue—a nightmare of primary tints.

The pages, divided into parallel columns, were filled with his stiff, upright, rather extraordinary-looking writing. He added a few words to a stiff, damp page, blotted it carefully, swept the books into a heap, and stretched his arms above his head in an abandon of relaxation.

Across the table from where he sat, he could see a long space of sky, punctuated here and there with chimney-pots grotesquely various and bright with hard, fierce stars. Even as he looked, one by one, mysteriously, ever hastening, fell flakes after flakes of London's belated snowfall. He switched with a species of fascination the fleecy drops blend together in their headlong flight to earth.

The sight was desolating. He got up and pulled the dark curtains across with a hoarse rattle of wooden rings, pacing round the room and ramming down the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with a slow, reflective finger. His pacing brought him up again by the table; he rested his foot on the chair and leaned over, looking down at the anonymous communications, which he had stretched out stiff and straight, side by side, like bodies in a mortuary chamber.

The simile did not precisely occur to him, but the things reeked in his nostrils with a nuclear savour.

He read the letters through alternately, "Miss C. Graham, his niece," and "one Arthur Stanton," he repeated softly. "Umph! curious—mighty curious. And the fools!" he blew a long curl of smoke into the air—"I would like to see these 'fools.'"

He resumed his pacing of the room, his pipe tightly gripped between his clenched teeth through which issued a strange, whistling sound.

His round face wore an expression of distress, almost comical in its incongruity. Such a round, childish face should be always wreathed in smiles. "That she knew something—that's as clear as sunshine," he said to himself. "But what—how much? I ask you that."

He took out his pipe and waved an interrogation with it at a woodwork representation of an infant St. John the Baptist which hung above the mantelpiece. In the silence which followed his impassioned query the small, black, circular eyes of the saint and the almond-shaped yellow orbs of an abnormal lamb, on which the infant denouncer's carmine hand rested, apparently gave him the clue he sought, for he brought down his hand with a resounding smack on his thigh, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and retired into the inner chamber which served as his bedroom, from which could be heard sundry splashing, followed by a loud and continuous hissing sound sacred by usage to the horse-grooming profession.

Inspector George Wright was a man with ambitions. He had advanced fairly high in the service, but not so high as his ambitions or his abilities warranted. This comparative failure was attributed to different causes by himself and by his superiors. The latter spoke of him with a tolerant respect, as a thoroughly honourable, reliable, but too unimaginative, man. Of his superiors he never spoke, yet thought much, with an impatience which was far from tolerant. Dull dogs and conservative asses were the most favourable, perhaps the only printable, of his verdicts upon them. He had a theory from the beginning with regard to the murder, a theory which ran wide of Mr. Miles Famillio while not losing sight of him. Indeed, behind that benevolent brow, and those mild, short-sighted looking eyes, was stored a knowledge which would very considerably have surprised the client of Messrs. Deakin and Spiers, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn.

He had not been concerned in that gentleman's arrest. That smart capture had been accomplished by his colleague, Evan Evans, spoken of as the surest man in the force; in Wright's opinion, the dullest. He had spoken, very tentatively and guardedly, of his theory to Evans, and been laughed at for his pains. Truth to say, the Welshman resented the beginning with regard to the murder, a theory which ran wide of Mr. Miles Famillio while not losing sight of him. Indeed, behind that benevolent brow, and those mild, short-sighted looking eyes, was stored a knowledge which would very considerably have surprised the client of Messrs. Deakin and Spiers, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn.

Now, on the eve of Famillio's trial, came these anonymous denunciations supplying the necessary clue, and giving him an opportunity—that opportunity which comes once in the life of every one of us—to prove what he knew. He was not, however, vigorously brushing his soft, downy hair with the hardest of brushes, laughed at himself in the glass, asking insultingly of an imaginary Evans, "What price your smart capture now, eh, old cock?"

His spruce toilet completed, he returned to the sitting-room, and once more consulted one of the note-books on the table, finally placing it with the anonymous letters carefully in his breast pocket, buttoning his coat over it. "Sussex-street," he repeated to himself, "38, Sussex-street, Strand. Now, I wonder if I know anyone in 38, Sussex-street, Strand? He took down a directory from a shelf where a few dilapidated books of reference huddled together in naked misery, and turned over the pages rapidly. "Ah! here it is—Sussex-street—" he paused with one fat, well-kept finger on the place, and ran his eye down the long list of tenants unsuccessfully. But on the top floor of the south block he found some of the information he wanted—the name of Arthur Stanton, barrister-at-law.

He closed the book with a bang and placed it on the shelf. "I wonder," he said to himself, as he looked at his watch, "if we are a gay young spark, if we dine out?"—then shut the cover of his watch with a snap, and reflected pleasantly that the night was young yet. There would not be the least of a moon and much to profit, in a stroll down the Strand into Sussex-street.

Upon one thing Inspector Wright was quite decided. He would work this matter alone, for the credit or failure which might be in it.

He did not, however, reach the Strand. In Trafalgar-square the contemplation of nature arrested his attention, at least as much as nature as may be seen in the finest site in Europe.

The snow, which had fallen heavily for some time, had ceased. Landseer's lions had assumed an unusually interesting aspect, looking in the uncertain light like gigantic, mud-dyed fleeced sheep. The detective went slowly down the steps into the square, his heavy boots leaving great, lovely impressions in the as yet untrodden snow. As he neared the shed set up over the interminable railway workings, he saw something which distracted his attention from the lions with marvellous celerity.

Yet the sight had in it nothing of the marvellous. Merely a four-wheeler drawn up by the kerb, and standing near it a man and woman in earnest conversation. The light from an electric standard fell clearly on the man. Wright recognised him instantly; he had had many, many dealings with him in the course of his professional career. The woman, tall and of an admirable grace of carriage, was thickly veiled. He did not recognise anything familiar in her, but the appearance of the man coincided with extraordinary appositeness with the trend of his thoughts.

Still apparently intent upon studying a snow effect in central London, he drew nearer to the pair, and, as he approached, the lady stepped into the cab.

The man shut the door, and swept his hat from

his head with an exaggerated gesture of deference, as he moved to the box to give the address; the lady stood still, his eyes on Nelson, his ears strained.

The thin, nasal tones came clearly to him, the words fell on his ears with a quick surprise—"199, Stanhope-street, Park-lane." The cab drove off; after a second's hesitation Inspector Wright desisted from his scrutiny of the hero of Trafalgar, and departed from his post as a detective to a barrister.

Strangely enough the address he called through the trap to the driver was identical—"199, Stanhope-street, Park-lane."

## CHAPTER XVII. That Good May Come.

Cynthia Graham turned the pages of her book with restless fingers. It was Swinburne's "Armada," and for a time the sonorous roll of the verse, the flash and play of weapons, the ever present rhythm of the waves, had soothed her, but not for long. An intense mind weariness possessed her, she longed for change and motion; rising she pushed open the long glass door and entered the winter-garden.

She had dined alone. John Woodruffe was still in Manchester, and Pauline, who had gone out early in the afternoon, still in a strange and ununderstandable mood, had wired about six o'clock that she was detained at the bedside of a sick friend, and could not return for dinner.

The solemn, lonely meal proved intolerable to her. She gave up the pretence of eating long before the courses were exhausted, and, in the solitary tea to be served instead of coffee in the white and gold drawing-room. She liked the room best in the house, because of the winter-garden which John Woodruffe had created, so to speak, on the leads which ran nearly the length of the house, over the billiard-room built out on what had once been garden land.

She threaded her way through the mazes of plants and shrubs. She loved the strange noises of the place, the cries, intolerable to Pauline, of the parakeets which hung in glided cages from the giant fern trees. She reached her special nook with a sigh of relief; such a quiet, fragrant nook. In the centre of a little space blocked in with palms and flowering plants, was a fountain which sent up a high, solitary jet of water, that returned with a pleasant tinkle to the flower-brimmed basin. Beside it were scattered deep chairs and inviting lounges.

She sank back in a chair with closed eyes, the warmth and fragrance wrapped her round with a pleasant cloak.

She tried not to think, and tried in vain. She had read somewhere that women in love—women indeed, when fresh from any keen emotion—longed to find themselves alone that they might think the situation over, and, finding solitude, find also that they have lost the ability to do the thing they tried to imagine and upon the look, a certain attitude, an infection of the voice.

How untrue it was, she said to herself, so untrue that it must have been written by a man.

She pressed her hands against her aching eyes and rested her hot cheek against the cool, smooth surface of the chair. Oh, it was intolerable that she who loved so, feared, that an insidious spirit of doubt, gaining unbidden entrance to her heart, should there instil its bitter poison, telling her that she ought to know the truth from Arthur Stanton, the whole truth, and that if he faltered and dared not speak, he was not a true man or worthy lover.

She tried to shut the thought out, in vain. The question beat on her brain. Why did he not trust her? He must realize that she would have died for him, sinned for him? Was she not sinning now in keeping back what she knew? She uttered a little moan of pain, a moan turned to a cry of surprise by the sound of a voice in her ears.

She started violently, and the face she turned to the waiting servant was white and angry. Words of reproach unbidden came to her lips. How dare he creep so silently upon her. Was he a spy—in league with the police?

The butler's words seemed an uncanny comment on her thoughts.

"Inspector Wright would be glad of a few moments' conversation with you, miss." And hard on the servant's heels came Wright himself, who had followed quietly, determined not to be denied.

Cynthia bowed. She could have had no idea of her loveliness as she stood up straight and cold and fair in her clinging black draperies, outlined against the vivid background of palms and flowers. Perhaps no more experienced woman would have realised that in her beauty lay a weapon. But Cynthia, by the grace of the good God, was not an experienced woman.

The inspector's eyes dropped before hers, so sapphirine blue, so widely set apart, which met his with a frank and fearless glance. Something uncomfortable human stirred at his heart.

"I have called," he began, with a little diffidence, "with reference to the old subject, Miss Graham."

"Yes?" Her voice was hard, as he spoke a rush of the stars which had looked down at him out of the frosty sky before the snow had fallen. "I thought—"

"That the case was out of my hands? Well, so it is, but professional jealousy cannot kill professional interest. I am still following the case with the utmost keenness, believe me."

She motioned him to a chair, and he sat, on the edge, facing her. The soft light from an electric pendant, half-obscured by foliage, fell on her face and cast strange shadows of leaves upon it. His was entirely in shadow.

"The truth is," he said, still hesitatingly, "there is no use beating about the bush. I have come to tell you that I do not believe that Mr. Famillio is guilty."

"Not guilty!" The man watching her closely saw her hands tighten on each other as they lay in her lap, but he could not say whether relief or fear spoke in her voice. "That—that was the news almost too good to be true. Oh, I hope you do not raise false hopes—"

"I trust not. It is a terrible thought that an innocent man may suffer for the guilty. It is my regret, that Mr. Famillio had nothing to do with the murder of Mr. Drummond."

"It seemed incredible," she murmured. "Yet Mr. Evans had proof, such—such terribly convincing proof."

"Proof," he said, contemptuously. "Miss Graham, perhaps you ought not to say it, but circumstantial evidence is a dangerous thing. There's been many a tragedy of which the world knew nothing based on circumstantial evidence and terminated on the gallows under the hand of the law."

"Oh!" She shuddered. The man's tone was low, unlike any speech she had heard from him since she forgot his position and hers, and, casting furtive eyes into the past and future, saw her Arthur involved in such a tragedy as this he spoke of. She looked at him apprehensively. What did he know? "How horrible—" She shuddered. "Surely such miscarriage of justice is unusual? But, with regard to Mr. Famillio, you can understand how intense our thankfulness and relief would be? On what grounds do you base your belief?"

"On the primary circumstance that blood is thicker than water," he replied. "Mr. Famillio may have returned to London in a penniless condition; was, undoubtedly, in sore need of money. But he had made no previous appeal to Mr. Drummond, had met with no refusal that might have altered his anger. It is likely he would creep into the house of his old master and that their blood relation—murder him in cold blood, practically speaking—before a young and delicate lady?"

"It seems incredible," she said again.

"Of course, nothing is surprising in crime," he admitted. "Men, in a fit of madness, have murdered their wives, their children, their friends. Mr. Famillio may have been concealed, waiting a fitting opportunity to urge his claim. He admits his presence in the house, but denies the murder, and," he paused and looked at her intently, "I believe him. In fact, I am prepared to swear that he is innocent."

The girl's eyes were fixed on her tightly-interlaced hands or she might have seen what the inspector did not fail to see, the long shadow of a woman glide across the marble floor and disappear. She gathered her courage together with an effort; on the still air a prayer, the bitterest, least faithful she had ever passed, went up to heaven.

"If you can prove that he is innocent," she repeated slowly, "that will be a blessing indeed—the shadow of disgrace has lain very heavily upon us. You are sure, you—you—" she made a little gesture of explanation, "one is so easily deceived—"

"I am as certain as a wise man ever professes himself to be," he said quickly. "From information received I believe that I could to-night lay hands on the real murderer—" He paused.

"Go on," she said, with dry lips. Despite the shadow of the palm upon her face he saw that she had flushed vividly and paled to chalky white. "I need only one thing—your help." He bent swiftly forward, and laid a hand on the arm of her chair.

"You are a young woman, a young and beautiful woman, Miss Graham," he said in a low, clear voice. "Surely you are not without heart? Have you never weighed the chance that in sending an innocent man to his death you send a damning witness against you to the throne of heaven?"

To be continued to-morrow.

## How England Won The "Rubber."

## THE FIGHT FOR THE ENGLISH CUP.

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# A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

## USEFUL RENOVATIONS.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF DAINTY NECK-WEAR.

There is a trying intermediate season to be faced, with tiresome, varying climatic conditions, when a coat or costume which has been discarded

word of warning—the inevitable accompaniment of all good counsel—must be given in conclusion. Do not, under any mistaken sense of developing the notion, be induced to consider these embroideries on the skirt. There, they become simply commonplace, a distressing reminiscence of the days when we bedizened ourselves and our chairs indiscriminately with crewel-work.

Respecting petticoats, almost always synonymous with skirts, there is every good reason to be-

smartness to a simple flannel shirt, such as is indicated in the centre of the picture, where we perceive a stock of soft tullestuffs passed through rings at the front of the shirt. Such rings may be made of gilt, silver, or ivory, or may be composed of silk worked by hand over a foundation.

The fanciful turned-over collar finished in a point in front or in a couple of velvet bands is as much in vogue as ever. Some are made of coarse canvas

## A WOMAN'S LANDSCAPES.

### MISS BLAND'S EXHIBITION IN FAR-OFF BAYSWATER.

To buy pictures nowadays which are at once well-painted and reasonable in price is not at all easy. Most artists put an absurdly high value



A narrow black tie beneath a high white muslin and lace cravat looks most effective.

in favour of the attractions of winter modes can with every justification be realized by means of some slight touch of braid or embroidery to meet the needs of the weeks between now and May. Apropos of embroideries, by-the-by, the utmost attention should be paid to the clever individual embellishments of cloth appliqué with other cloth, and worked over in a bold embroidery stitch. The idle and indifferent and wholly uninspired will naturally, as is their casual way, endeavour to arrive at these distinctive touches by means merely of straight lengths of this embroidery, clumsily cut up and mitred into form.

One could laugh, if it were not for the paths of these poor, unpersuaded souls, who so completely fail to perceive the superior sartorial value of a deftly-shaped embroidered cape or a yoke

Above are shown six new Collars and Stocks, the newest among them being the one with two short knotted ends in front and the muslin neck-band with a trellice of ribbons hanging from it.

lieve that we shall shortly be asked to bestow our exclusive attention on jupons of linen, trimmed with coarse lace and a plethora of tucking and lingerie heading. Before such ephemeral extravagance my pen pauses in much doubt and tribulation as to whether an urgent recognition of the vogue is really reasonable or desirable in this country. Those of us, however, who can will undoubtedly espouse the fashion, which there is no gainsaying is as dainty and feminine a fancy as a fastidious "grande dame" could desire.

#### About Collars and Stocks.

What a difference a dainty and uncommon stock or collar makes to a dress that has had its day, the girl who desires to look smart and to exercise due economy knows full well. Nor should she be backward about inventing pretty forms of neckwear for herself. In connection with this flight of fancy she should stand before the glass and try which kind of cravat or stock best suits her.

There are some girls who look most piquant and pretty with a bow tied at the back of the neck; others will take a piece of tulle or ribbon, wind it round the throat twice and finish it under the left ear with an effect that is most fascinating, while a third girl can bear neither of these, and must satisfy herself with a simple arrangement beneath the chin, though whether it be a bow or knot must be individually decided. As a rule, the short-necked woman should not wear a bow, because it accentuates the breadth of her throat, whereas a sailor's-knot with long ends beneath will give her the elegance of line that she naturally desires to possess.

#### The Vogue for Tall Neck Bands.

It should be remembered that the high neck band is coming into fashion as fast as it can, and that the collarless vest or chemisette is consequently out of the running completely. Whether it will succeed in the race for favour as the warm-weather advances is yet to be decided. At the present time the taller the collar the more pleased fashion is with it.

At the left-hand side of the picture produced on this page will be perceived a muslin stock overlaid with a plain piece of lace and finished with coquilles of muslin edged with lace beneath. To smarten the cravat a length of velvet is taken and tied in a bow, as the sketch demonstrates. Laced effects give

covered with Persian and cross-stitch embroidery done in orange, red, and blue. A cravat of quilted silk passed through a ring is a pretty addition to an embroidered canvas collar, and many of the smartest jewellers are now selling rings for the purpose set with coral or one of the minor gems like tourmaline.

Consultation with the picture will reveal a very smart high stock with two knots and butterfly ends in front, and notice should be taken of the fact that bows are sometimes substituted for the knots, and on a slender throat are most desirable, set in pairs like this.

upon their work, and the ordinary middle-class householder secretly even thinks of hanging his walls with "oils."

At Mr. John Bailey's Gallery, in Prince's Street, race, Hereford-road, Bayswater, the sensible policy is pursued of marking exhibits fairly cheap. Some people may say that anything saved on their purchases would be spent on the journey to Bayswater, but this can really be accomplished at moderate expense—a guide is not a necessity, and all the preparation necessary beforehand is a careful study of a good map.

Just now Miss Beatrice Bland, one of the ablest of the women painters who exhibit at the New English Art Club, has a number of landscapes on view at Mr. Bailey's. Her work has a quiet strength about it which is rare in women's art. She sees things in her own way, and falls into sympathy with many of Nature's moods. These are the kind of pictures which will not go out of fashion or pass upon the eye. There is nothing tricky about their appeal, no desperate effort to be "clever," no "original." You feel they are genuine and right. In price they nearly all range from five to twenty guineas.

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The addition of a smart cloth and lace throat-yoke gives an elderly bodice a new lease of life.

extending into long, narrow shoulder-straps. Then, consider the redeeming grace of a collar-band modelled in one, with a front embellishment that narrows off to vanishing point at the waist, where an equally skilfully manoeuvred belt takes up the scheme, which is ultimately completed by fetching funnel-shaped cuffs. Just one exceptional



This Gauged Blouse demonstrates the beauty of a lace chemisette trimmed with narrow velvet and cuffs to match.

## OUR BRIDGE CORNER.

By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

### ♥ THEY ARE NOT DOUBLE-DUMMY. ♥

We find a strong tendency among our competitors to play Tournament deals as if all the hands were exposed. This is clean contrary to our conditions; and the temptation should be steadfastly resisted. In Weekly 9, Coupon B, three solvers have written to argue in favour of lead of small spade from K, Q, J, 7, 6, 3. Such a lead works out admirably in the particular instance, but it is quite inadmissible. No writer sanctions, and no good player would lead, anything but a high card.

\*\*\*

It is safe to assume that unless Z had held the ace we should never have heard any suggestion departing from the orthodox rule. This is an example of the extraordinary tendency our readers to play the deck as if all hands were exposed, everybody followed his own peculiar lead and other rules, system would

become impossible, and the game be chaos. To which primordial state some agitators, who, like the Irishman, are "agin' all Governments," are endeavouring to reduce it.

#### ○ COUNTING THE CARDS IN COUPON A. ○

H. C. M. returns to the charge with so strange a communication that we can only suppose it to be some subtle joke which we fail to appreciate. "I asked how Y can know that B holds one card higher than the 7. Z may know it, but for anything Y knows from A's lead, whether the fourth best or not, B may have no spades at all! He can only tell that either B or Z holds one card higher than the 7." Of course, H. C. M. may have some private and particular mode of playing Bridge unknown to the "profane vulgar"; but the game as usually played in England and elsewhere, the dealer plays both his own hand and his partner's. There are 52 cards in the pack, and four suits, two red and two black. The deal passes in rotation from right to left, and if you have none of the suit led you can either discard or trump—always supposing that you have a trump. (It is generally wise to provide yourself with a supply beforehand. Some people keep them up their sleeves.)

N. D. F. P., whose comments usually show considerable powers of analysis, asks two questions to which we are sure he could easily have supplied the answers himself (i.) "In Coupon C, what valid reason can there be for B's leading ♠ A in preference to ♠ A?" A long red suit up to a left call is always better than a short black one, unless it is specially desirable to get a ruff in the latter. As B's only trumps are three high honours, and he has three clubs, the latter reason is inapplicable. (ii.) "In Coupon D, of what importance is it for B to lead trumps at once before taking out a round of spades?" If B can get the ace of trumps put on at Trick 1, he is secure against a fatal ruff in spades unless one opponent is void. If he leads spades at Trick 1, he runs a serious risk of the second round being ruffed when ace of trumps wins.

E. M. J. (S. Wales) says that at love-all, in actual play, the declaration was left to dummy, who held  
♥ J, 7, 4, 3; ♠ 10, 8, 7, 5, 3; ♣ 10, 8, 5, 2; ♠ none. He declared clubs (wherein we think he was right). The opponents doubled (one of them holding quart major), and won four by cards and game. "The hand is, I think, instructive," says our cor-

respondent, "as showing that an occasion may arise when spades should be declared on a hand which contains no spade."

It shows that a particular occasion may arise when spades would be more advantageous; how does it show that spades "should be declared"? We can only declare on probabilities, in ignorance of the particular result in the particular instance. But on four small clubs, four small diamonds, five small hearts, we should have declared spades on chance.

H. D. H. says he "has not seen the solution of Coupon C of the four-day tournament, though he reads the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* daily." Perhaps he forgot that February had an extra day this year, and omitted to read his Bridge column on the 29th of that month.

\*\*\*

We omitted by accident to acknowledge a correspondence of the last Double-Dummy, sent by C. N. Lockyer. A. L. M. is disappointed not to have been "specially commended" for his solution, and writes "more in sorrow than in anger." The last he encloses is instructive; but has it not already appeared in a weekly contemporary?



# VANISHING ENGLAND.

## Hungry Sea Eats Away the Coast-line.

Encroachment by the sea is slowly but surely crumbling away the coast-line of England. The latest attack has been directed against the Devonshire foreshore, where, after years of resistance, the village of Hallsand, close to Start Point in Start Bay, is gradually giving way to the battling of the waves.

The sea wall built by the Board of Trade is being undermined, splitting the village into three parts, and each high tide widens the gap and converts them into as many islands. Only about a third of the village remains, and even that shows signs of

disappearing before the onslaught of the next easterly gale.

The villagers are rebuilding their houses further inland, where they will be a little safer from the inroads of the sea.

All round the English coast traces of the oncoming of the waters are visible, but mostly on the eastern side. Two and a half yards of cliff annually fall between Bridlington and Spurn, and as this distance is thirty-six miles, it is equivalent to a loss of thirty acres every year. During the last three centuries no less than thirty miles of land have been engulfed in this district alone.

At Sandgate also, despite the efforts of the local authorities, large tracts of land are annually swept away.

Were England to subside 100ft., the sea would submerge most of London, Liverpool, Cardiff, and other towns; there may yet come a time, which only H. G. Wells could picture, when the last Englishman will be standing on the last little bit of his "right little island," solemnly waiting for the ninth wave to sweep England off the map for ever.

# NEW NAVAL WARFARE.

## Submarines Successfully Torpedo Battleships at Manoeuvres.

France led the way with submarines, and for a time English naval opinion was scornfully incredulous of their value.

As their success became more and more pronounced and the innovation found favour with the American Navy, their tardy addition to the British fleet was reluctantly decided upon.

Their utility has for some time been universally admitted, but it has remained for the manoeuvres of Monday, particulars of which are now to hand, to prove the submarine to be a fighting force which will revolutionise naval warfare.

On Monday a battleship section of the Home fleet was told off to attempt a blockade of Ports-

mouth. For defence the premier naval port had only a force of destroyers and submarines.

When the "enemy" were sighted off the coast of the Isle of Wight, the destroyers took a bold initiative by steaming out to meet them, each sheltering from view a submarine on its side furthest from the battleships.

The submarines were thus able to dive unseen by the battleships and without disclosing their direction or point of attack.

After this manoeuvre the destroyers hurried out of range, leaving an empty sea behind them.

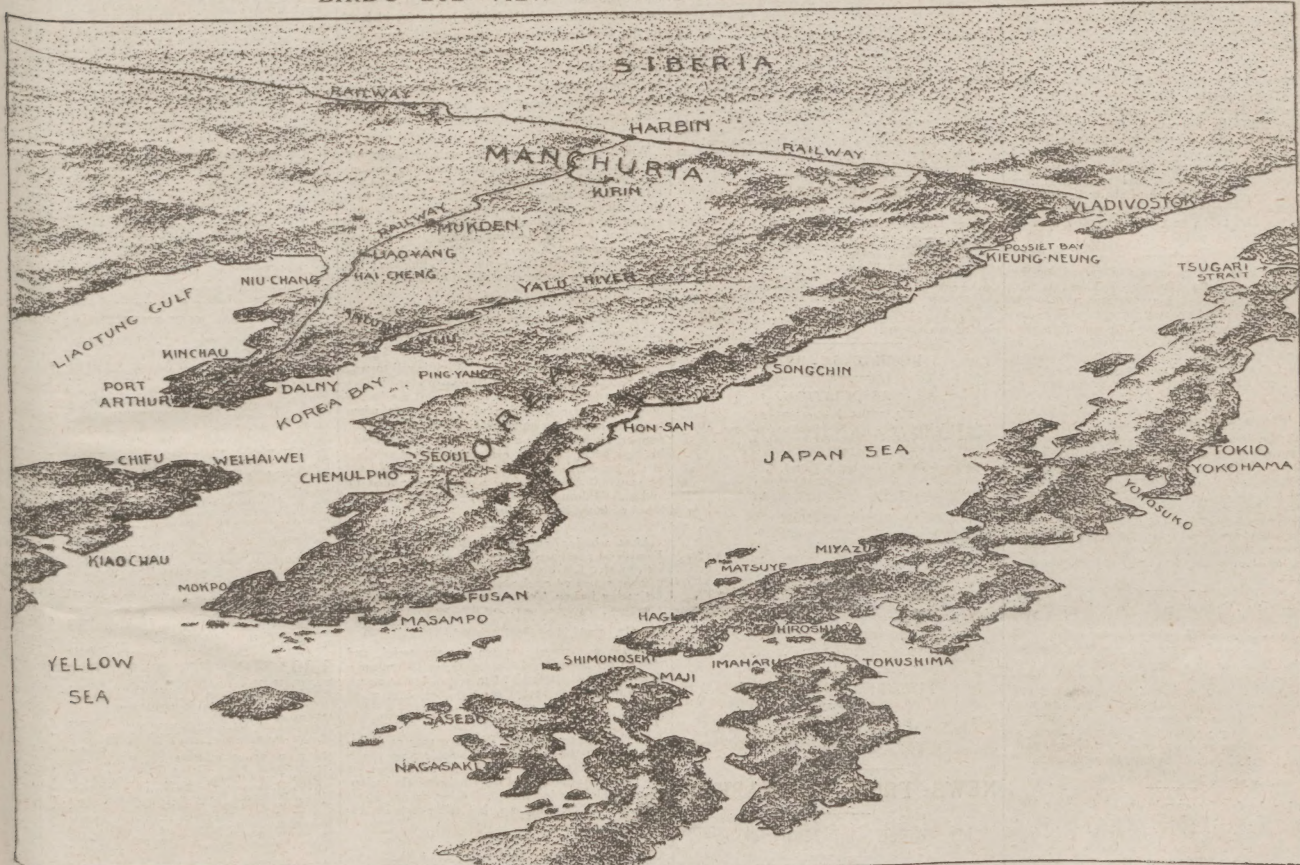
There was, of course, a brisk fire on the destroyers, and a point the umpires will have to decide is how many of them would have kept aloft in actual warfare.

The lesson of the submarines was perfect.

Each of the four torpedoed a battleship, and rose with the greatest precision—a ridiculously tiny craft seen alongside its huge antagonist.

It is claimed by the defenders that all four of the battleships were sunk, and it remains for the umpires to weigh the pros and cons of the attack.

## BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE WAR.



In a comprehensive fashion this map exhibits the theatre of war stretched out to the eye. The peninsula of Korea extends from Manchuria southwards to the Yellow Sea. To the east lie the clustered islands that form the homeland of Japan. North of Manchuria is Siberia. From this map the advantage the Russians would have gained by acquiring a power over the ports of Korea may be seen at a glance.

# THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

The King's first appearance in public after his illness, at the Agricultural Hall yesterday afternoon, was the signal for quite an ovation, and everybody was glad to see him looking none the worse, and in his usual good spirits. The royal party occupied the big centre box, but during the afternoon the King went and looked at the hunters while the Queen and Princess Victoria remained in their places.

## Small and Smart.

The dance given by Mrs. George Napier at her house in Grosvenor-place was a very small one, chiefly composed of the dinner guests of the hostess herself, Lady Sligo, Lady Vincent, and Mrs. Burns.

## Gems of Price.

At Monte Carlo Mrs. Mackay is gradually recovering health and strength after a bad attack of influenza in Rome.

May she be coming to London for the season, and her beautiful house in Carlton House-terrace will once more be thrown open. The widow of Mr. John Mackay, of Atlantic cable fame, known as the "Silver King," of late years Mrs. Mackay

has had much trouble in the death of her elder son and then her husband, so that she has done no entertaining for some years.

Although possessed of some of the most beautiful jewels in the world—she has complete sets of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires of priceless value—she never wears anything but a superb pair of black pearl earrings and ropes of pearls, while she never dresses in anything but black or black and white. At her house in London a flight of marble steps leads to the magnificent suite of reception rooms full of historical furniture and valuable works of art.

## An Epidemic.

There is quite an epidemic of measles just now. The recent bride, Lady Helmsley, has, I am told, been laid up with a slight attack, and Lady Susan Sutton was not able to go and see her mother, the Dowager Lady Harwood, who died the other day, as she has been suffering from the same complaint.

## Beautiful Music.

Enesco, the new violinist, was the sensation of the evening at Madame Blumenthal's musical party on Tuesday; and a pupil of Madame Melba's, an Italian girl, who has been engaged to sing at the Opera this season, also had a great success.

There were a great many diplomatic people present, among them Madame de Bille and her daughter. The Duchess of Montrose and Lady Dartrey brought daughters, and there also Lord and Lady Stanhope, Lord and Lady

Brassey, Lady Hayter (who herself entertains this week), and Lord Verulam and Lady Grosvenor, as usual looking very picturesque.

## Military Honours.

An unusual honour is being accorded to the late Captain Reginald Ward, who is to have a military funeral. This morning his coffin will be conveyed on a gun-carriage from Lord Wolverson's to house in St. James's-place, where he died, to Paddington Station, escorted by a body of men from the "Blues," and full military honours will be rendered at the funeral at Witley to-morrow.

## Maori Tribesman.

Lord Onslow, who was entertained yesterday by the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association, has a name to which the echoes of Wellington must be well accustomed. Members of his family have sat in the House for generations. In Queen Anne's reign an Onslow was Speaker at the time of the famous Sacheverell trial, and another became still more celebrated in the same capacity when George I. was King.

It will be remembered that during Lord Onslow's governorship of New Zealand a little son was born to him, whom he had christened by the Maori name of Huia and received with all pomp and many barbarous ceremonies into one of the principal tribes.

The bid for popularity was eminently successful; at the departure of the Governor the Maoris sent him an illuminated address, and he, in return, presented them with an enormous Union Jack.

## KILT'D LADY.

### New Woman Makes a Sensation in the City.

The new woman, attired in the latest development of her idea of rational dress, has invaded the City. Yesterday afternoon a somewhat stoutly-built lady was to be seen walking jauntily down New Bridge-street, apparently quite unconscious or indifferent to the amusement that her appearance caused to the passers by. Her costume consisted of a dark blue coat and skirt—or, rather, kilt—

which reached to just above the knees, disclosing beneath a neat pair of knickerbockers of the same material. A pair of thick, black woollen stockings and low shoes completed her attire.



Attired in this amusing costume, a lady appeared in the midst of the City yesterday afternoon. She marched along quite indifferent to the fun she provoked.

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CAMBRIDGE'S CHANCE.

Optimistic Feeling in the Light Blue Camp.

Whatever may be the criticisms passed on this year's Cambridge crew for the Boat Race, there is no lack of confidence amongst those who know most about the men and their prospects.

The president is trying the daring experiment of rowing a man not much over 10st. in the position of No. 7, a thwart that has been in the past invariably filled by a heavy-weight; and the critics have warned him most solemnly of the danger.

But Mr. Thomas walks about like "Sunny Jim" with a smile on his face that "won't come off," and appears to be on the very best of terms with himself and all those around him.

Close observers, especially the ladies, described Mr. Thomas as the Beau Brummel of the boat last year. They will find no reason to alter their opinion this time.

Mr. Thomas has been fortunate. He was not designed for the presidency until next term; but, owing to Mr. J. Edwards-More resigning, through not being allowed to row, the Old Etonian received the honour earlier than he expected.

And he well deserved it. After achieving rowing distinction at Eton, he entered at Third Trinity, and has been associated with all the victories and disappointments of that college's boat club for the past two years.

WIDOW'S LUNATIC BROTHER.

Suggestion That He Changed Clothes With a Scarecrow.

For forty years Mr. James Taylor (otherwise Thomson) was an inmate of Cheddle Lunatic Asylum. On February 4, 1903, he died in that institution.

Before Sir Francis Jenne and a special jury in the Probate Division yesterday Mrs. Wargrave, a widow, who resides at Trammere, Birkenhead, brought a claim that she should be held a residuary legatee of a will dated October 30, 1859, made by Mr. James Taylor, who was her brother.

The defendants were the brothers of the testator. Mr. Deane said that the testator was born in 1827. He was of humble origin, and inherited the property in dispute from his aunt, who had adopted him. On his death he was possessed of real estate producing £725 a year, and £1,300 personally.

In 1854, on the outbreak of the Crimean war, he joined the Royal Cheshire Militia, and was ordered with his regiment to various parts of this country. He subsequently lived at New Farm, Sale, near Manchester, and while there he dictated to the plaintiff his will, which she wrote out, and it was duly attested. It was a simple will, which gave her nearly the whole of his property.

Later on he was taken to Cheddle Asylum, and for forty years was an inmate.

Mrs. Wargrave, in giving evidence, stated that when her brother executed the will he gave it to

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" 43 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarvon Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

**Menservants.**  
**BUTLER**, age 40; £70; personally recommended; disengaged when suited.—Write C. G. Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

**THE BOND-STREET BUREAU** has now disengaged personally recommended Butlers, Valets, Coachmen, etc.—Write 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Housekeeper.**  
**HOUSEKEEPER** (lady) to widower, or Companion to lady; highly recommended; well educated, refined, kind, smart, useful.—Fiddle, 18, Winchester-road, Hampstead.

**Ladies' Maids.**  
**THE BOND-STREET BUREAU** have a number of excellent Ladiesmaids on their books whom they can recommend; £15-£35.—Write 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Housemaids.**  
**THE BOND-STREET BUREAU** have now on their books many well-recommended Housemaids, £15-£30.—Write 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Governesses.**  
**GOVERNESS**, age 40; £25; 12 years' reference; good French and Italian.—Write C. G. Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

**THE BOND-STREET BUREAU** has now disengaged Nursery Governesses; French and English; £15-£30.—Write Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**LADY** requires engagement daily as Companion-Secretary, or to teach children.—Write C. G. Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

**Manservant.**  
**MANSERVANT** (useful, single-handed); £35-£40; single; age 25-30; town.—Call 10.30, to-day, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

**Cooks.**  
**COOK** (good plain) who can carve joints preferred; wages £24.—Apply Lady's Dining Room, 24, Ousewood-street, Haymarket. Also sharp, respectable girl as Waitress.

**COOK** (lady), £35, wanted at once for town; own room; call to-day 10.30.—Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

**COOK-GENERAL** (good); boy to clean knives, boots, etc.; 2 in family, 1 baby; young nursemaid kept.—Apply stabling wagon, Mrs. Clarke, Mens House, Harley.

**COOK-GENERAL** (good) wanted immediately for country; 3 in family, 3 servants kept; wages £35 to £40.—Write B. 66, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

**General Servant.**  
**GENERAL** Servant (found) wanted; £12-£14; small family; comfortable home.—Mrs. Pearce, "Holford," Sanycombe-road, East Twickenham (near Richmond).

**Housekeeper.**  
**HOUSEKEEPER** (lady) wanted; over 35; charge widower's house; no salary; private means essential.—Write 1201, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-street, E.C.

**Kitchenmaid.**  
**KITCHENMAID** and Housemaid for first-class boarding-house; waiter kept; good characters necessary.—Proprietress, 16, Wilmington-square, Eastbourne.

**Nurse.**  
**NURSE** wanted at once for one baby; age about 22.—Apply 8, King Edward's-mansions, Shaftesbury-avenue, between 5 and 7.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**ART**—Wanted, Persons who could devote a few hours daily to tinting postcards, prints, etc.; good prices; work sent.—Particulars addressed envelope, B., Stafford Works, 31, Stafford-road, Bow, London.

**EVENING EMPLOYMENT**; addressing envelopes and nominating other addresses.—For terms send addressed envelope North, Department 29, York-buildings, Adelphi, London.

**ADMOBE**, Printer, Southampton, requires representatives (either sex) for special house for sale; fortune for sale; weekly easily earned in spare time.

HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

**HERNE BAY** (best place in England).—New double-fronted fresh house for sale; three reception, bright bedrooms, no basement; two minutes from sea.—Harris, Herne Bay.

**HERNE BAY**.—Premises suitable for baker; large double-fronted shop; thousands in sea; season; fortune for good caterer; sold or let lease.—Harris, Builder, Herne Bay.

**LIFORD**.—Modern villa for sale; something really good; £245; illustrated prospectus, post free.—Winstone, 9, South-street, Finsbury.

**SOUTH HAMPTHEAD**.—Absolute bargain; cheerful Residence, 12 rooms, bath (h. and c.), well decorated; price £245, which can be paid £75 down and balance £45 per annum; lease 46 years.—Owens, 61, Fenne Park-road, N.

**WIMBORLEY**.—Close station, modern Residence to be let or sold; great bargain; just redecorated.—Winstone, 9, South-street, Finsbury.

HOUSES TO LET, FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED.

**REGENT'S PARK**.—Superior Residence to be let, situated in private terrace, close to Gloucester-gate, containing 5 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, good domestic offices; rent £45; decorations to tenant's choice; also others at rentals £65 to £120.—Apply Agents, Gloucester-crescent, Gloucester-gate, N.W.

**SHOREHAM BEACH**.—Bungalow to let, furnished; 4 bedrooms, 35s. per week; April-Write 1341, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-street, E.C.

**SUPERIOR** Cottages; furnished and unfurnished; gardens; from £15 10s. to £35 per annum.—Church House, High-street, St. Giles.

**SUTTON**.—5-roomed house, bathroom, good garden; chalk soil; £36 per annum.—Apply 22, Nicholson-road, Addlebury.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

**BICYCLE** (gentleman's) for sale; nearly new; all accessories; £25.—Apply 711, New Inn-yard, Shoreditch, E.C.

**LADY'S** and Gent's Cycles, good condition, £6 each, or separate.—Particulars, H. Hatfield, 129, St. Alban's-road, Seven Kings.

**10 H.P.** Norfolk cars at prices unobtainable—Call or write to Cooke and Wade, Stand "No. 65," Manchester 2, 711, 10, Cook's, or Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield. Telephone 2,711.

Small advertisements continued on next page.

CHINESE "DE WET" RAIDS THE RUSSIANS.



Tula Sin, a Mongolian brigand, has been for some time past actively attacking Russian outposts. The Cossacks have often nearly caught him, but he is wonderfully slim and resourceful in avoiding traps. Like the British in South Africa, the Tsar's troops have tried to "drive" him, but, in a manner worthy of De Wet at his best, he and his five or six hundred followers slip again and again through the cordon.

CITY ENJOYS THE FINE WEATHER.

The stock markets started yesterday quite in a jovial mood, with the Continent, buying, and London operators more active than for a long time past. The fine weather seemed to put heart into them, but unfortunately before the close some of the markets showed signs of weakness.

The talk of a reduction in the Bank rate naturally helped the investment stocks, and so Consols were put better, in spite of the knowledge of another Cardiff loan for the market must have its daily instalment of a new issue.

It seems there is even a Japanese loan imminent, and perhaps that was why both Japanese and Russians were dull, in spite of the rumours of mediation. But taking the Foreign market as a whole the tone was strong, though the close was below the best. Spanish bonds were rather an exception at first, owing to the news about rioting and revolution, but even they picked up later.

The fine weather and a surprisingly good batch of traffic returns gave some help to the Home Railway market, but unfortunately did not bring much business except that there was a reasonably good tone for Scottish stocks, in the expectation of a good North British dividend to-day.

There is nothing doing in American Rails in London. The dealers are simply watching New York and New York does not seem happy, and so Americans are quite the exception to the restoration of confidence in the market.

To-day the dealers professed to think less badly of the Pacific scheme, and so put up Grand Trunk. The real reason, of course, was that recent speculators for the fall were buying back.

Argentine Rails were helped by the wonderful array of traffic. The Rosario sent through its strike period takings, and it was soon seen that the company has lost very little. The Buenos Ayres Western is raising new capital for extensions. Then the Mexican Railway put up a record traffic, and so, on the whole, the Foreign Rails did very well.

As soon as the speculative buying of Kafirs was over, they began to droop, and the Continent sold. The Justice Channel is unpleasant, too, for some of the companies. Generally speaking, however, mining markets were quite satisfactory yesterday.

Captain Clifford, of Market Drayton, met with a serious accident whilst hunting with the North Shropshire Hounds yesterday.

her to keep for him. In 1865 she handed it to the lunacy authorities.

In cross-examination she said that her aunt, who died in 1850, committed suicide, and at the inquest a verdict of temporary insanity was returned. Her brother was struck off the strength of the regiment for leaving without permission. She did not know that before he joined the regiment he used to wander about barefooted, and in his nightgown.

The Sobriquet of "Luny."

"Did the officers of the regiment call him 'Luny'?" she was asked. "Many people are called 'Luny,' when there is nothing 'lunatic' about them," Mrs. Wargrave replied.

Did you know this landed proprietor once climbed up a cherry tree and changed clothes with a scarecrow?—You appear to have heard a great many things which I have not.

Neither had Mrs. Wargrave heard that her brother used to dress like a tramp, nor that he used to carry his slippers under his arm.

Did you hear that before he joined the regiment in the hot days of summer he used to put on a topcoat, and go about in his shirt in the winter?—He might do that; it would be a change.

The case was adjourned.

LAWYER TRAMPS.

Eton tramps tried a new reading of the law with the Slough magistrates yesterday, but with no conspicuous success.

They were summoned by the labour master of the workhouse for refusing to work, but pleaded they did not refuse, they simply found the work impossible.

An unsympathetic Bench sentenced them each to a month's hard labour.

CASTE AND CRICKET.

It appears that the decision not to send a team of Indian cricketers to England this year was not wholly due to financial reasons.

The "India Civil and Military Gazette" points out that the Parses will never combine with the Hindus and Mohammedans, as they are extremely jealous of the latter's progress in the game.

They kept apart from the movement because they were not sure of having an overwhelming majority in the team.

Next year a Hindoo and Mohammedan team, from which Parses are excluded, may come over.



## Small Advertisements

Continued from Page 15.

## MARKETING BY POST.

**A** GOOD Clear at low price; manufactured from finest blend East Indian tobacco; hand made; box of 50, 9s. 6d.; money returned if not approved—Fred Coupland, 85, Stamford-street, Blackfriars, S.W.

**A** DONN'S—The cheapest and best Turkish cigarettes on the market; only 1s. 6d. per 100; sample box of 25, 1s. post free—Poulides and Co., 19, Creechchurch-lane, E.C. 5.

**A** LINSON Wholesale Bread, a necessity for children and all who would be well, especially those suffering from constipation and indigestion; order direct from the Green to "D. M." Natural Food Co. Ltd., Bethnal Green.

**C**HOICEST smoked, dairy-fed Bacon obtainable can be procured from The Provision Company, Wington, Somerset; 44lb. sides, 6d. per lb.; rail paid.

**DELICIOUS** Cakes and Buns made by ladies; sample box, 2s. 6d.; ladies trained in confectionery and tea-room work—The Gosh, 2, Guildford-street, Eastbourne.

**DEVONSHIRE** Cream; better than cod liver oil; absolutely pure; 1lb. 4d., 1lb. 2s. 4d., free—Mrs. Conroy, Chagford, Devonshire.

**FINE** fat Chickens, trussed for table, 5s. 6d. pair, carcase paid—Vines and Sons, Poultry Partners, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

**FISH** (fresh)—Finest assortment for private families or institutions; 6lb., 9s.; 9lb., 2s. 6d.; 12lb., 3s. 6d.; 21lb., 5s.; carriage paid; dressed for cooking; prompt delivery; cured fish and other delicacies; particulars apply—Star Fish Co., Grimsby.

**FISH** (live)—very variety at market price; cleaned; carriage paid; lists free; 6lb., 2s. 6d.; 9lb., 2s. 6d., 11lb., 3s. 6d.—Rory's Fine Food Co., Wigan.

**FISH**, straight from sea to consumer; 6lb., 2s. 6d.; 9lb., 3s. 6d.; 12lb., 4s.; cleaned; carriage paid; lists free—T. and E. Redwell and Co., Grimsby.

**J**APANESE Tobacco—An exquisitely flavoured mixture mainly composed of 2 choice in Japan; 50s. tin post free—1s. 6d.—Geisha, 10, Church End-hill, London.

**KNITTING** Wool direct; sent for a free set of samples to the Providence Mills Spinning Co., Dept. B., Halifax.

**LIVE FISH**: unrivalled value; choice selected bachelors; 6lb., 2s.; 9lb., 2s. 6d.; 12lb., 3s. 6d.; 21lb., 5s.; cleaned and ready for cooking; particulars apply—Standard Fish Company, Grimsby, N.B. Inferior quality at a discount.

**POULTRY**—H. PEAKE IS THE PIONEER OF CHEAP POULTRY—Send me a P.O. for 4s. and I will send you, carriage paid, 2 large finest quality chickens, usually sent in retail shops at 10s. each; sample box of 4, extra; prices—H. Peake, 402-403, Central Market, London.

**POULTRY**—Special roasting fowl, 4s. 6d.; pair ducks, 5s.; trussed, real shamrock, 6d., 10d. box; post free—Miss K. O'Regan, Town View, Rosscarbery, Cork.

**SOAP**, Half-Penny—30lb. for 2s. 6d. postal order, carriage paid; 10lb. for 1s. 6d. postal order, carriage paid; 5lb. for 8d. postal order, carriage paid; 2 1/2lb. for 4d. postal order, carriage paid; 1 1/4lb. for 2d. postal order, carriage paid; 7/10ths for 1d. postal order, carriage paid; 3/10ths for 1/2d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/10th for 1/4d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/20th for 1/8d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/40th for 1/16d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/80th for 1/32d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/160th for 1/64d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/320th for 1/128d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/640th for 1/256d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/1280th for 1/512d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/2560th for 1/1024d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/5120th for 1/2048d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/10240th for 1/4096d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/20480th for 1/8192d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/40960th for 1/16384d. postal order, carriage paid; 1/81920th for 1/32768d. postal order, carriage paid; 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